THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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BIOGRAPHY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIR OF MR. DUNCAN M'INTOSH.

DUNCAN M'INTOSH, the subject of the present article, and, of whom, we regret, we can present only a profile likeness, is a native of Scotland, and an American citizen. He resided a considerable time in Baltimore, from whence he removed to Aux Cayes, in the Island of St. Domingo, and established himself in the character of an American Merchant, in which capacity, he carried on a very extensive business with great reputation and success.

When that unfortunate colony became the prey of the revolted Blacks; and the white inhabitants had no other alternative than to fly from their homes, and abandon their all, or fall the victims of their unrelenting slaves, Mr. M'Intosh, though enabled, by his character of an American citizen, to remove unmolested with his ample fortune, conceived the heroic idea of remaining in that scene of murder and conflagration, to assist the unfortunate whites, even at the risk of his life, and the destruction of his property. How important were his efforts in this noble cause, will best be shewn by the following brief, but energetic description of them, which we have from the pen of one of the unfortunate exiles whom he saved:

"In an age of selfishness, immorality and irreligion, in a country abandoned for twelve years to all the horrors of intestine war, where the very air that was breathed, may be said to have been tainted with crimes; where sensibility was blunted daily by the death and sufferings of the numerous victims of a cruel war, and a still more destructive

climate; at a crisis the most terrific ever recorded in history; when 400,000 assassins, thirsty for blood, intoxicated with fury, and rendered confident from the certainty of impunity, devoted to death a population of 25,000 unarmed individuals, there was found *one man*, a foreigner, and a stranger in the proscribed land, who might have departed without interruption, and taken with him the whole of an immense fortune, which he had by his own industry amassed in trade, *one man* who dared to brave the tempest; who opposed virtue to wickedness, benevolence to barbarity, and even made the insatiate cupidity of the assassins subservient to his humane undertakings; with his gold he bought victims out of the hands of their executioners; and others he rescued by force, in defiance of the decrees of death pronounced against all those who should conceal the French; he, for three months, maintained them in the different places where they had hid themselves; and was himself more than once thrown into those dungeons from which hundreds were daily led to the scaffold; and each time left his confinement only to renew with the same ardor his glorious, but perilous task of benevolence; by his indefatigable exertions, his perseverance, his pecuniary sacrifices (the amount of which he probably never calculated, or thought of, though it could not be less than 100,000 dollars) he was able, in the midst of a political tempest, of between seven and eight months continuance, to save in vessels which he freighted for that purpose, 1500 WOMEN AND CHILDREN, and more than 900 MEN! And this man was *DUNCAN M'INTOSH!*"

To an inhabitant of New-Orleans, we are indebted for the following more detailed account of the actions of Mr. M'Intosh, derived from the relations of those who were eye-witnesses of his exertions in the cause of humanity. We hope, soon, to have it in our power, to gratify our readers with the tribute of affection, with which the exiles are preparing to commemorate his virtues, by "*exhibiting his heart*" as portrayed in the principal, though secret acts of his dangerous career. These acts, though now registered only in the grateful remembrance of the objects of his benevolence, will be drawn from obscurity, and form a wreath of glory, worthy of the *HOWARD of St. Domingo.*

"The inhabitants of St. Domingo became acquainted with the uncommon worth of Mr. M'Intosh, during his agency among them as an American merchant. His cares, his attentions, were not confined to the protection and relief of the citizens of America only, but he appeared to study the happiness and interest of every individual; alleviating, as far as he possibly could, their distress whenever it met his notice, and while the manly firmness he displayed on all occasions

where it was necessary, commanded the highest respect, his mild and gentle manners, and the benevolence which appeared in all his words and actions, gained him universal esteem, and all ranks of people were desirous of cultivating his friendship, previous to that unfortunate era, when he became their sole protector, under Heaven.

Every person in this country is in some measure acquainted with the horrors attending the dreadful revolution in St. Domingo, but to form an adequate idea of the sufferings of the wretched white inhabitants, they must have been residents among them at the time, for language fails in the attempt of delineating the soul-harrowing scenes, which deluged their fertile fields, with the blood of thousands of their innocent citizens, who fell victims to the ungovernable fury of these monsters of cruelty, the brigands; no age, no sex, were spared; the amiable lovely female, with her infant smiling and clinging to her breast, implored in vain for mercy. It was then the sublime virtues of Mr. M'Intosh became so brightly conspicuous. In the commencement of this unnatural revolution, when his unwearied exertions to stop the torrent of outrage and oppression, proved ineffectual, his anxious cares were then directed to afford the unfortunate sufferers every aid the peculiar circumstances of the moment required. When driven from their peaceful homes by their persecutors, they were received and sheltered under his hospitable roof; his sympathizing tenderness soothed their sorrows, his purse relieved their pecuniary necessities; his bounty, like the gentle dews of Heaven, knew no discrimination, but fell on all alike; great as had been the sufferings of the unhappy citizens of St. Domingo already, Heaven for its wise purposes, had reserved it seems, harder trials of their fortitude, and M'Intosh's virtues; for soon the merciless savages rushing from all parts, like clouds of locusts darkening the face of day, and threatening destruction to all around them; against whose multitudes every hope and idea of defence were precluded, seized on the unoffending, terror-struck whites, and in their insatiate thirst for blood, would have sacrificed them on the spot; but in that moment of horror, when their fate seemed inevitable, this God-like man, ever tenderly alive to the calls of humanity, flew to their aid; careless, fearless of his own danger, he rushed amidst the sanguinary multitude, overawing the assassins by the bold intrepidity of his manner, and by his persuasive eloquence, arresting their fury; and although the divinity who spoke within him, could not so far change the nature of these ruthless monsters, as to incline them to forego their barbarous purposes altogether, yet when glowing with compassion he plead a respite for the victims, pledging his life as the forfeit if he did not produce them when called for, his irresistible power was felt, they consented to suspend their murderous intentions.

The interval gained for the unhappy sufferers, was employed by this noble-minded man in procuring them opportunities of escaping their executioners; intent only on their preservation, the imminent danger to which his own life was exposed, appeared not to give him one moment's reflection, although well aware that death inevitably attended the person who should be detected in the act of aiding or abetting their escape; his humane exertions were crowned with success, he saw them safely embarked, and favouring winds bearing them from the ill-fated shore, ere he returned to his home with the sweet consciousness of having been instrumental in preserving the lives of so many of his fellow-creatures, unalloyed by one thought of the future consequences to himself.

That Supreme Power who "delights in virtue," and ever made it his peculiar care alone, preserved the life of M'Intosh, whose active benevolence did not rest satisfied with having ensured the lives of these unfortunate people only, but knowing in their precipitate departure they had been obliged to abandon their property, and tenderly feeling for the distress their destitute situation must expose them to, in a strange country, determined to make every effort in his power to secure to them, as much as he possibly could, of what they had left behind. Innumerable difficulties he had to encounter, innumerable obstacles to surmount from the rapacity of the wretches around him, ere he effected his philanthropic design. Having at length, by his persevering zeal, obtained possession of their properties, he did not turn it to his own emolument or use. No! This generous man felt only that eager anxiety, which minds like his, are capable of feeling, to restore it to them as soon as possible, and on his arrival in the United States, the public papers will bear testimony to the disinterested nobleness of his conduct, as he immediately advertised for each, or by their agents, to come forward and receive their proportions; that they received it, their grateful acknowledgments have put beyond a doubt, and from the general tenor of his conduct, we are justified in saying, we do not believe they felt more pleasure in receiving, than he did in restoring it to them. Previous to his quitting the island, he obtained information that several of the inhabitants, who had fled in the commencement of this horrible revolution, had taken refuge in the woods, where they remained suffering all the hardships so miserable a situation exposed them to, and in constant terror and alarm, of being discovered by their sanguinary pursuers. This was too irresistible a call on the feeling heart of Mr. M'Intosh, to be unattended to; he determined to remain, and leave nothing unattempted until he could complete the glorious work he had began, by saving this unfortunate remnant likewise. The task was as arduous, as hazardous as any he had yet undertaken, but his undaunted soul was not to be shaken from the performance of an act of

humanity, by difficulty or danger. At a considerable expense and personal fatigue, for even the hours allotted by nature for repose, were devoted by this amiable man to the accomplishment of his divine undertaking, he sought out the fugitives in their wretched retreats, and having previously made every necessary arrangement for their safety and comfort, received and concealed them in his house, until an opportunity was obtained to convey them in safety from the place, by which he enjoyed the additional felicity of rescuing so many more of his fellow-creatures from the horrid fate that awaited them.

The blood thirsty savages, disappointed and enraged at their prey being thus snatched from them, when they had promised themselves the horrible gratification of destroying, directed all their vengeance against Mr. M'Intosh, and as they could not assail his life, his wealth became the object of their rapacity; they seized on his property in all directions, plundering and destroying, as best suited their diabolical purposes, until they had deprived him of all. We cannot help regreting that this generous man should have been so considerable a sufferer by his philanthrophy, although no complaint ever fell from his lips on the subject; on the contrary, with that magnanimity so peculiar to himself, he has declared he thought "the lives of his fellow-creatures cheaply purchased at the expense of his fortune."

When Mr. M'Intosh returned to the United States, he landed at New-Orleans, a stranger, as he supposed, known to but few, even by name. He was recognized, however, by the eye of affection; his arrival was announced throughout the city; his praises were soon on every tongue; and crowds of those who were indebted to him for their lives and present comforts, pressed forward to behold their deliverer and benefactor. His fellow citizens, proud to acknowledge him an American, joined in the homage paid to his virtues. Meetings were immediately held by the St. Domingans, in which, it was determined by every possible means to express the sentiments of affection and gratitude, which they felt for him. In one of these meetings, it was voted that a gold medal should be struck, and an engraving executed, to hand down to posterity, the memory of their benefactor, with a testimonial of their gratitude. It was also determined that a portrait should be painted of him, and deposited with an appropriate ceremony and solemn procession of the late inhabitants of St. Domingo, in one of the chambers of the city Hall; on the express condition, however, that, should circumstances ever admit of it, the portrait shall be sent to St. Domingo, as its permanent station. After this, they invited him to a splendid entertainment, given in honour of his arrival. How sublime and affecting must have been the scene, when he was conducted into the room, where the company awaited him! Upwards of one hundred persons rose, and received, with enthusiastic effusions of gratitude,

the man to whom most of them owed their own lives, or the lives of relatives or friends. We will attempt to describe it in the eloquent language of one who was present at this affecting ceremony:

" Emotions of love, reverence, and delight, appeared in the animated countenances of the St. Domingans; their hearts seemed too full for utterance; and, while the tear of tender recollection bathed their cheeks, they essayed in broken phrases, and exclamations of gratitude, to express their feelings, passing at once, by their exquisite sensibility, the highest eulogium on *his* virtues, and *their own* hearts. The expressive countenance of Mr. M'Intosh, which exhibits all the benevolence of his heart, showed the fulness of content, that satisfied delight, which can be felt, but never be described; for, if to a philanthropic mind, the preservation of a fellow-creature affords the highest gratification, what must his sensations have been in that moment, when, surrounded by so many whom he had preserved, he was hailed as their protector, their benefactor, their guardian angel; every heart partook in the luxury of the moment, every eye bore testimony to the tenderness of the scene, forming one of the most interesting groups, imagination can conceive."

On his arrival in Philadelphia, to which he was called by his mercantile pursuits, Mr. M'Intosh again received those attentions his merits claimed, and, from which, his retiring modesty could not escape. A deputation of the inhabitants of St. Domingo immediately waited on him; and, after an appropriate address, invited him to a public dinner, to be given as a testimonial of their respect and veneration for his character and services.

On the 24th February, a sumptuous entertainment was prepared at the Mansion House, at which about one hundred and thirty persons were present, all eager to do honour to the man whom they emphatically styled " *the Lascasas*" of their unfortunate country.

Heart-felt joy, intermingled with sportive mirth, and grateful effusions, gave zest to the feast; and, while wit and wine went round, Genius diffused the glow of enthusiasm, by recounting the deeds of " the best of men," in strains the most sublime and pathetic.

We have obtained for our miscellany, a copy of an Ode by Mr. Simon Chaudron, and one of the songs by Mr. Garesches, written for the occasion. We hope that some of our friends, who have leisure and ability, will furnish us with an English version of the Ode and Song.

ODE

DEDIÉE A DUNCAN M'INTOSH,

Liberateur de plus de deux Mille Français, lors du massacre de St. Domingue.

Où vont ces vengeurs de la France?
Ces infatigables soldats,
Qui bravaient pour votre défense
Vos ennemis et vos climats.
Ils vous quittent, leur chef l'ordonne,*
Aux Tigres il vous abandonne,
Un vil esclave est son vainqueur.
De deux Tirans celui qui reste,†
Bientot de votre sort funeste
Français, consommera l'horreur.

Des blasphêmes, des cris sauvages,
Affreux précurseurs de la mort,
Ont retenti sur ces rivages:
Peuple proscrit, quel est ton sort!
Où porter ta douleur profonde.
Tu n'as que les gouffres de l'onde,
Et pour refuge et pour cercueil;
Au meurtre l'affricain s'apprête,
Et tu ne peux sauver ta tête,
Ou de l'un, où de l'autre ecueil.

Ah! qui peut nombrer vos victimes?
Revoltés lâches et cruels.
Grand Dieu! dis nous pourquoi ces crimes,
Sont dans tes decrèts éternels.
Là, c'est la pudique innocence,
Honteuse de son existence,
Et de l'audace d'un bourreau,
La meurt, immolé sur sa mère,
Un enfant qui, de la lumière
N'aura qu'entrevu le flambeau.

Mais, si l'Eternelle justice
Est sourde á la voix du malheur,
Le juste sera-t-il complice,
De son silence destructeur....

* Rochambeau. † Dessalines.

De M'Intosh l'ame sublime,
Croit son salut illégitime.
Quand tout meurt dans ce triste lieu;
Emporté par la bienfaisance,
Au sein du péril il sélance,
Agit, et parle en demi-Dieu.

" Où fuyez vous mères tremblantes?
' Portez vous au devant des coups,
" Tant de victimes innocentes
" Que n'ont pu sauver vos époux?
" Retardez du moins leur supplice,
" Dans ma demeure protectrice,
" Cachez ces fruits de votre amour:
" Demain, luîra pour l'innocence;
" Le sommeil de la providence,
" Ne saurait durer plus d'un jour.

Il dit: mais, dans cette retraite
Les bourreaux entendent des cris:
Déja, leur foule s'inquiète
D'un crime a leur fureur surpris.
Brigands avides de pillage,
L'or seul peut détourner leur rage:
M'Intosh pieux séducteur,
Corrompt leur horde criminelle,
Et dans sa main pure et fidelle,
L'or est un Dieu libérateur.

A cet échange sans exemple
Il a consacré son trésor:
C'est la charité dans son temple
Rachetant du sang pour de l'or.
Les meutriers de l'innocence,
Y viennent á sa bienfaisance
Vendre deux mille infortunés;
Et quand l'or ne peut lui suffire
Ses pleurs alors savent séduire,
Ces cannibales étonnés.

Tendres fils, qui pleurez un pére,
Vierges, qui n'avez plus d'appui,
Comment fuir cette horrible terre
Où le crime règne aujourdhui?...
Rassurez vous, jeunes victimes,
La main qui ferma les abymes

Tout prêts à vous ensevelir;
Va, sur une rive chérie
Vous créer un autre patrie,
Heureuse de vous accueillir.

Si le Ciel eut mis dans mon ame
La vive et brulante chaleur,
Dont la bienfaisance t'enflame
Quant la pitie parle á ton cœur.
Je voudrais de ta pure gloire,
Immortaliser la mémoire
Par le charme puissant des vers;
Je voudrais d'un oubli coupable
Garantir le nom vénérable
Que je proclame á l'univers.

Oui, sur cette sanglante plage,
Si l'orphelin revient un jour;
Je prévois déja quel hommage
Tu recevras de son amour.
Dans sa patrie encor fumante,
Sa piété reconnaissante,
Te consacrera des autels;
Et les tems, Juges équitables,
Béniront les faits mémorables
Du plus généreux des mortels.

—

By V. M. Garesché.

Déesse que le monde encense,
Au lieu d'en suivre les leçons!
Accours aimable bienfaisance,
Et viens animer mes chansons!
Une plus brilliante lumière,
A deja frappé ma paupière,
Et dissipé l'obscurité:
Oui, c'est toi modeste déesse,
Qui du flambeau de la sagesse
Eclaire ma temerité,

Qu'epris d'une coupable gloire,
Un autre grave sur l'airain,
Des noms qui retracent l'histoire,
Des destructeurs du genre humain;

Charmé d'une gloire plus belle,
Je veux que mon vers ne rappelle,
Qu'un heros de l'humanité,
Français, tressons lui des guirlandes;
Et que l'encens de nos offrandes,
Parvienne à la Divinité.

Sur ces infortunés rivages,
Où l'africain brisa ses fers,
Quelles clameurs, quels cris sauvages,
Troublent le silence des airs?
Où va cette troupe rebelle?
Dans sa main le glaive étincelle,
La mort, de sang marque ses pas;
Et la flamme court et dévore,
Le toit qui protegeait encore,
Ceux qu'avoit epargné son bras.

Qu'elle affreuse ardeur de vengeance,
Peut inspirer de tels forfaits!
Eh quoi! la viellesse et l'enfance,
Ont tombé sous les mêmes traits!
Les noirs enfans de l'Ethiopie,
A leur implacable furie,
Ne sauroient-ils mettre aucun frein!
Toi, chaste fille de memoire,
Faut-il que cette affreuse histoire,
Soit transmise par ton burin!

C'est sur ce theatre du crime,
Et parmi ces debris sanglants,
Que fort de sa vertu sublime,
Un mortel brava des tirants.
Le fer suspendu sur sa tête,
Les supplices...rien ne l'arrête,
La crainte ne peut rien sur lui;
Il rit de leur vaine menace,
Brave leur insolente audace,
Et sa vertu fait son appui.

L'or qui sur ce triste rivage,
Autrefois peupla les tombeaux,
Aujourd'hui dans la main d'un sage,
Ne sert qu'a soulager des maux,
Ici, l'or écartant le crime,
Sauve les jours d'une victime
Tremblante sous le fer vengeur;
Là, des bras d'un monstre homicide,

Il rachette un sexe timide,
Qu'il preserve du deshonneur.

Toi qui desarmas du tonnerre,
Le bras de la ferocité!
Ange de paix que sur la terre,
Envoya la Divinité!
O M'Intosh, que ton exemple,
Chez la foule qui te contemple,
Inspire des imitateurs;
Et que cette celeste flamme,
Qui brule tonjours dans ton âme,
Vienne échauffer aussi nos cœurs.

Humanité, vertu sacrée!
L'encens fume sur tes autels;
C'est toi que la divine Astrée,
A deputé vers les mortels;
Jusqu'au sein du triomphe même,
Tu frappes d'un juste anathême
L'oppresseur, le cruel guerrier;
Mais pour le héros d'Amerique
Tu joignis le chêne civique,
A la couronne de laurier.

Que devient la gloire homicide
De ces soldats devastateurs,
Qui n'ont pris du metier d'Alcide,
Que les degoutantes horreurs?
Elle fuit sans laisser de trace,
Semblable à ce flambeau qu'on passe,
Au milieu de l'obscurité;
Ou semblable au boulet rapide
Qui s'échappe à travers le vide
Qu'il fend avec velocité.

Mais toi de qui toute la vie,
Fut destinée aux malheureux;
Toi, M'Intosh pour qui l'envie
A retenu son souffle affreux;
Ne redoutes rien pour ta gloire,
Ton nom suivra dans la memoire,
Ceux des Antonins, des Titus;
On nourrira la tendre enfance
Du récit de ta bienfaisance,
Pour former son âme aux vertus.

TRIBUTE OF FRATERNAL GRATITUDE.

Lodge 51 of the Masonic Order, of this city, anxious to evince their approbation of the conduct of him who had proved himself a Mason, "in deed as well as in name," Resolved, that the name of BROTHER M'INTOSH be inscribed in the Rolls of the Order as HONORARY MEMBER of this Lodge.

The Resolution of the Lodge was announced to Brother M'Intosh by a committee of three of its members, who were commissioned to present him his honorary Diploma; and, at the same time, to declare the high sense entertained by the brethren of his meritorious exertions in the cause of humanity. On this occasion, he was addressed by Brother Samuel F. Bradford, on the part of the committee, in the following words:

SIR, AND BROTHER,

The virtuous Patriot, and the enlightened Statesman find the rewards of their services in the pen of the Historian, or the chissel of the Sculptor; and the voice of Fame is loud in the praises of even those, misnamed heroes, whose march is in blood, and whose trophies are founded on the destruction of mankind.

The Masonic Order, appreciating the milder virtues, and proud to rank you among the most distinguished of its votaries, has deputed us a committee of Lodge 51, to tender you the homage of its sincere attachment, and to pay that tribute of gratitude, which is your due as a Mason, and a man.

Though we have never before been personally acquainted with you, yet we have known you in the records of our order; we have known you by report as a correct merchant, and an honourable man; and, above all, we have known you by the benedictions of the fugitives of Saint Domingo, and by the highest of titles—THE HERO OF HUMANITY!

In the hour of death and desolation, when carnage, with indiscriminating fury, threatened destruction to the white population of that unfortunate Island, you stepped forth a guardian Angel; and, though your power was not commensurate with your wishes, your protecting shield saved thousands from an untimely fate.

In this awful crisis, when your life was in constant jeopardy, and your treasure lavished with a prodigal hand in the cause of humanity, your exertions were unremitting and efficient. By those exertions, numbers, who believed the partners of their domestic felicity forever severed from them, are restored to their embraces; by those exertions, youthful love found the lost object of its affections on a foreign shore; children have clasped their supposed butchered parents; and

parents bent with rapture over children, whom they had mourned as dead.

You have your reward: the sweet reward of an approving conscience. You have "laid up treasures that fade not away," and "the blessings of thousands ready to perish rest on your head."

May your future days be prosperous and happy, as your past have been serviceable. Your acts shall be inscribed in the hallowed depository of our mysteries; they will ascend on high, borne on the incense of grateful hearts, and be recorded in the imperishable volume of that Lodge, "not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

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To the address, Brother M'Intosh made the following reply:

MY RESPECTED BRETHREN,

I received with great sensibility this affectionate mark of the friendship and attachment of the respectable Lodge, which you represent. The services it has been my lot to render to a number of my fellow creatures, in an hour of death and desolation, for which you have honoured me with such high commendation, were demanded of me by my obligations as a man, and a Christian, and in rendering them I have done no more than my duty. Yet I cannot deny that, while your goodness has too highly appreciated the part I have taken, in alleviating the horrors of the unfortunate and distressed inhabitants of St. Domingo, next to the approbation of my own conscience, no earthly recompense could be more grateful to my heart, than the applause of my Masonic Brethren, who would, I trust, individually, act the same part, on any occasion that might require it.

Be pleased to convey to the Lodge, my sincere congratulations on their present state of harmony and prosperity, and my prayers for its long continuance. In the social delights of our humane and benevolent society, in the pleasing employment of dispensing charity to the destitute and needy, and in the fulfilment of the important duties of life, may your members be found preeminently conspicuous; and, whenever it shall please the *Supreme Grand Master to close their labours*, in this *terrestrial Lodge*, may they be *advanced* to well-merited honours in that *Celestial Grand Lodge*, for the enjoyment of which their conduct here has so well qualified and *prepared* them.

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF THE LATE

EDWIN LEROY M'CALL, M. B.

In sketching the following biographical notice of Dr. Edwin Leroy M'Call, late of Savannah, in the State of Georgia, the object of the writer is, not to throw around the memory of the deceased a gaudy tissue of unfounded panegyric, but, by a simple statement of acknowledged truths, to pay to departed genius and worth a tribute which he knows to be justly due.

The subject of this notice fell a victim to disease before the period of the complete evolution and polishing of his elegant mind. Notwithstanding this, he was a bud of science of such ample promise, a professional germ of such flattering hope, that his death must be regarded as a national loss. For, had he been permitted to measure out the usual span of human life, the talents and virtues which threw into his character their blended lustre, would necessarily have rendered him a national ornament. To the nation, then, it belongs to cherish his fame, and to receive his portrait, though green in youth and drawn by a feeble and trembling hand, into the gallery of portraits of her distinguished worthies.

Biographical memoirs, when written with ability and taste, are sought after with avidity as sources of entertainment. But a higher and more important use of this species of composition is, to hold forth models of conduct and standards of imitation, for the youth of our country. For this purpose, though the lives of men advanced in years abound most in matter, and are, therefore, most richly fraught with instruction, it does not follow that they are in all respects best calculated to answer the true end of biography. I think it appears, as well from our observation of others, as from the feelings of our own minds, that we are most inclined to an imitation and generous emulation of our equals in years. The youth of eighteen does not, cannot feel the same lively interest in the brilliant exploits of the man of forty-five, that he does in those of the gallant stripling, who, like himself, has not yet attained the gristle of manhood. Would you wish to lead the youthful mind into the flowery paths of Morality and Religion? Are you desirous to entice it into the delightful walks of Literature and Science? Or, is it your intention to fire it with a love of military glory? In either case, dwell not on the characters of men advanced in years, but tell the story of an amiable youth eminent for the qualities and virtues you wish to inspire, and your effort is likely to be crowned with success.

It is principally from considerations like these, that the following brief biographical memoir is laid before the youth of the United States. Though it is certainly true, that the much-lamented subject of it did not achieve a single action, nor leave behind him a single monument capable of transmitting his name with eclat to posterity, yet it is equally true, that the whole tenor of his life, whether it be regarded in a moral, social, intellectual, or religious point of view, furnishes a bright example for the imitation of his fellows. It is a pure and steady light, beaming on the paths of virtue and honour, and pointing the way to utility and fame. It will never lead astray those who adopt it as the cynosure of their actions. Should it, as here portrayed, rouse to a generous and successful emulation the bosom of but one American youth, the writer of this article will feel that he has not lived in vain for his country.

Dr. M'Call was born in one of the western counties of North-Carolina. He was second son of the Rev. Thomas Harris M'Call, D. D. a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, of great eminence and exemplary piety. While yet a child, his father, who was preeminent in that country, for eloquence, science, and classical learning, was called to the Presidency of Mount-Zion-Parnassus College, just then established at Wynnsborough, in the State of South-Carolina. It was in this institution, while flourishing under the auspices of his illustrious father, that Dr. M'Call received the rudiments of a sound education, and imbibed a love of literature and knowledge. It was also here, in his occasional excursions through the groves and forests of the surrounding country, that he contracted that love and veneration for the productions of nature, and that attachment to rural scenery, which constituted a predominant feature in his character.

Before the education of his son was completed, the Rev. Dr. M'Call relinquished his situation in the college over which he had, for several years, presided with great reputation, and removed to Savannah, in the State of Georgia. To this removal he had been invited by the most flattering prospects of utility and fame. For, like all men of liberal and exalted minds, he cherished the love of fame as one of the darling inmates of his bosom. Nor was this noble ambition at all incompatible with the zealous and faithful performance of the various duties of the clerical profession. On the other hand, it even rendered this performance more able and complete. For it was an apostolic ambition, purified and quickened by piety, and having for its object the best and most permanent interests of man. But it was not long before the heats of the climate and the insalubrity of the atmosphere of Savannah, operating on a system already debilitated by a pursuit of knowledge too ardent, and an attention to professional duties too laborious, snatched from the world this illustrious divine.

This melancholy event was fraught with more than the common measure of calamity to young M'Call. For, having been, some time previously, deprived of his mother, he was now, at an early and very critical period of his life, thrown on the world in the condition of an orphan. Too young to have profited, as yet, by the lessons of Experience, he had nothing but his intuitive perception to direct him. But the mildly twinkling day-star of his character, now just beginning to unfold its lustre, did not suffer him to pass unnoticed. Like a jewel of rich value amid a mass of common matter, it attracted the attention and excited the admiration of all around him. Nor did his opening virtues, and the amiableness of his disposition and manners, fail to procure for him the offices of friendship. Those offices, however, came wholly unsolicited; for an unusual degree of diffidence, connected with a proud independence of character, prevented him from becoming an applicant for favours. True friendship and benevolence spontaneously sought him out, and promptly received him as a favourite to their bosom.

One gentleman in particular, directed by the suggestions of an enlightened understanding, and yielding to the impulses of a noble heart, stepped forward, on this occasion, as the steady and active patron of young M'Call. Did not an apprehension of wounding feelings of great sensibility, forbid it, justice would induce me to publish to the world the name of this fosterer of youthful genius and worth. But his own virtues will rear to him a monument more permanent, and will pronounce on him a eulogium more honourable, than anything that could flow from the feeble efforts of my pen. I may be permitted, however, to add, that he is a practitioner of medicine, who then resided and still resides in the town of Savannah, and that a rare assemblage of talents, philanthropy, and medical skill, combine to render him an ornament to society and an honour to his profession.

From the kindness and protection of his benevolent guardian, whose care and attention were truly parental, young M'Call soon began to derive every consolation his condition admitted, for the loss he had sustained in the death of his pious and distinguished father. From a cheerless situation, where every-thing around him wore the hue of despondency, he was suddenly translated, as if by a magical hand, to the brightening region of expectation and hope. A grateful and strong attachment to the person of his patron was in time very naturally succeeded by an equal attachment to his professional pursuits. He, accordingly, when in his eighteenth year, commenced the study of medicine under the same gentleman who had generously volunteered as the director of his early destinies.

It was now that the talents of the deceased, being directed to objects worthy of their exertions, began more particularly to unfold their

lustre. For, as the flint yields its spark only to a violent collision with the steel, so genius manifests its native brightness only when engaged on elevated and important subjects. The classical, literary, and scientific acquirements of our young philosopher (for so we shall now venture to denominate him) were already far beyond those of the common college youth of our country. This gave him a decided ascendancy over most of his fellows in the new course of studies on which he had just entered. For, notwithstanding the dreams of certain visionaries to the contrary, it is an unquestionable truth, that without a classical education, professional studies, whether on the subject of law, physic, or divinity, prove to the beginner laborious and irksome in the highest degree. Without such an education the mind of the pupil is neither sufficiently expanded, nor properly formed to habits of study; nor has he a competent knowledge of the technical language which is to serve him as the chief vehicle of science.

But far different from this was the case with young M'Call. Possessed of a mind opened and enriched by early culture, and marked by a strong predilection for the knowledge of nature, his professional studies were unaccompanied with difficulty. On the other hand, such was to him the facility of their acquisition, and such the rapidity of his advancement in them, that they might have been ranked in the catalogue of his pleasures and amusements. Darting into every-thing with a kind of intuitive penetration, it was not long till he had exhausted the various sources of improvement with which it was in the power of his preceptor to furnish him. Nor were these sources either deficient in number or wanting in substantial richness and variety. Whether they be regarded in relation to the science of books, or the more prompt and practical knowledge derived from observation, experience, and oral instruction, they were equal to the best that the Southern States can afford.

That nothing might be wanting to render his professional education complete, he repaired to Philadelphia in the autumn of the year 1803, to prosecute his studies in the University of Pennsylvania. Here, new and rich sources of improvement bursting in all their variety and lustre on his view, poured into his bosom new and more exquisite sensations of satisfaction and delight. For to him nothing was pleasing without being instructive and useful, and instruction in every form was surrounded with charms. His application was uninterrupted, his researches diversified, extensive, and profound. Medicine, with all its collateral branches, was the object of his pursuit. To the sciences of Botany, Natural History, Chymistry, and Physiology, he was peculiarly attached. To these he devoted himself with the most distinguished assiduity and success. Whatever was to be derived from books, from lectures,

from hospitals, or from medical societies, became his in rapid succession; for his active and enterprising mind laid under unceasing contribution all these several sources of knowledge. Thus, laudably aspiring to an acquaintance with every accessible page in the great volume of physical science, he continued his studies in the University of Pennsylvania till the spring of 1806, when he was, with great reputation, admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. On that occasion, the subject of his interesting thesis was "The Mutual Subserviences of the different Parts of the Body, and the Power of one part to perform the Function of another." This brief and hasty essay, which consists principally of a rich collection and lucid arrangement of facts, deserves to hold a respectable rank among the physiological productions of our country.

It is not pretended that the deceased was a finished writer. Literary excellence like this requires for its attainment maturity in years, an extensive acquaintance with the best English authors, and long-continued practice in the art of composition. It must be acknowledged however, that, considering his age, he was capable of wielding a ready and a distinguished pen. It is a subject of particular regret, that none of his poetic effusions have found their way into public print, nor exist, perhaps, at present, even in a manuscript form. For though we do not contend that he was equal to the higher walks of poetry, yet we well know, that in the minor departments of that field of fancy and taste, his productions possessed both beauty and excellence. Had he lived to the prime of manhood, and paid only an occasional court to the Muses, they must have acknowledged him as a legitimate and favourite son, and woven for him a wreath of no fading verdure.

Dr. M'Call having brought his pupilage to an honourable termination, new objects began to present themselves to his view. He became now strongly solicitous to apply his professional knowledge to its only proper end, the alleviation of the distresses of his fellow creatures. For a spirit of active benevolence was no less predominant in his bosom than a love of science. He, accordingly, returned to Savannah, where he was immediately taken into partnership by the friend and patron under whom he had commenced his medical studies. An alliance like this, while it manifested the high degree of confidence reposed in him by a character beyond all others competent to judge of his qualifications and his worth, secured to him a certain and prompt introduction into profitable business. His prospects, though uncommonly bright and flattering, appeared, for a time, to be even more than realized by his success. But, alas! the period was short!—the prospects were not less transitory than fair! For, in the words of the poet, "The time of his fading was come, and the blast that was destined to scatter his leaves."

Dr. M'Call, like many other men of exalted intellectual endowments, had received from nature a very feeble and delicate frame. From his father, whom he resembled both in constitution and in the exquisite texture of his mind, he inherited a predisposition to pulmonary consumption. These were two physical evils over which he had no control, and in subjecting himself to which he had no agency. But unfortunately they were associated with a third, no less operative and injurious, and this was entirely of his own creation. For, while prosecuting his professional studies in the University of Pennsylvania, the intensity of his application had been greatly disproportioned to the strength of his system. In preparing himself to become the protector and restorer of the health of others, he had been highly, perhaps I might say culpably, regardless of his own. The ruthless disease, which had been long and watchfully lying in ambush, selected these unguarded moments to make its insidious and too successful attack. By slow and gradual approaches it fastened itself unnoticed on the vitals of its victim, never again to relinquish its hold.

To physicians of observation it is well known, that when a pulmonary affection has once actually invaded the system, a sudden transition from a sedentary to an active life, is a very precarious, not to say, a hazardous expedient. If the change be not successful in removing the disease, it seldom fails to accelerate its progress, and to render the issue more certainly fatal.

Such was the melancholy case with the much-lamented subject of this memoir. An affection of the lungs, which had scarcely even whispered its treacherous intentions, during the sedentary term of his pupilage, spoke its dreadful purposes in a voice of thunder, as soon as he had commenced the practice of his profession. It forced him, in a short time, to relinquish his benevolent labours in Savannah for the good of others, and to go in quest of his own health to a less sultry and more salubrious sky. But, alas! the inestimable object of his research was nowhere to be found. For him no Hygean fount existed, nor did breezes salute him with healing on their wings. Wherever he directed his languid footsteps, Disease pursued and harassed him with unrelenting rage. Like the hind tranxfixt by the arrow of the huntsman, he carried with him in his bosom the shaft of certain death. In vain did he fly to the air of different situations, and fruitless were the ablest efforts of art for his relief. Even that precocious skill, which in the course of a short life, he had himself so often and so successfully exerted for the benefit of others, was of no avail in his own case. Though it retarded the progress, it was unable completely to arrest the arm of the disease. It afforded temporary ease from sufferings, and added

somewhat to the buoyancy of hope, but was never productive of any permanent good.

Thus, for nearly two years, did our unfortunate sufferer shift from place to place, and from remedy to remedy, in pursuit of that health which he had once enjoyed, but which it was now his destiny to experience no more. At length, wearied with a succession of unavailing efforts, and, resigned to the solemn issue that was fast approaching, he took up his residence at Wynnsborough, a place which had been the scene of his earliest pleasures, and was still a source of the most grateful recollections. Here, as the virtues, worth, and amiable deportment of his father continued to be held in the most lively remembrance, they procured a very cordial and affectionate reception to his afflicted son. Not a bosom in the place refused to sympathise with him in his sufferings, nor was there a hand reluctant to minister to his comforts. Thus, though unable to snatch him from the grasp of impending fate, did the kind inhabitants of this abode of his childhood, endeavour to strew flowers in his path as he descended to the tomb. Nor did he linger long amid these tender solaces of friendship. A few fleeting months now filled up the measure of his earthly existence. He expired on the 23d December, 1808, a firm believer in the truths of Christianity, and experiencing those cheering hopes and beatific prospects, which that holy religion is calculated to impart. When we call to mind the morality, the piety, and the social worth, which met in the character of this inestimable young man, we believe him to have been as pure and as amiable a spirit as ever left the earth.

RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

ON

THE ARTS OF READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING,

DELIVERED IN THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY, NOV. 17, 1806, AND IN THE HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY, NOV. 16, 1807.

(*Concluded from page* 212.)

WITH regard to action, the great rule is the same as in pronunciation, to follow nature, and to avoid affectation. The action of the body and the several parts of it, must correspond with the pronunciation, as

that does with the style, and the style with the subject; a perfect harmony of all which constitutes the complete orator.

There is a peculiar style of action, adapted severally to the pulpit, the bar, and the stage. The action and gestures which, in the pulpit, would be sufficiently animated and expressive, would be cold and inanimate on the stage, which frequently calls not only for the most violent contorsions of face, but the most extravagant gesticulations, according to the incidents and characters there represented. So that an actor, in order to acquire celebrity, must be a perfect Proteus, and always appear to be himself the character he represents.

The general character of the action proper for the pulpit is, that it should always be accommodated to the solemnity and importance of the subjects there discussed, and to the dignity and sanctity of the place. The speaker's pronunciation should be perfectly distinct and harmonious, and his deportment and gesture impressive and graceful. No man, therefore, should embrace the clerical profession, unless he is endowed by nature with talents for that profession; and, among other essential qualifications, with a voice possessed of considerable strength, and such a conformation of the organs of speech, as will enable him to acquire a clear and distinct articulation. He should carefully guard against a monotonous delivery: the tones and inflexions of his voice should be exactly accommodated to his subject; he should sometimes persuade and allure in the mild accents of gospel love, and sometimes threaten and alarm by boldly declaring the terrors of the law, and thundering out the denunciations of the Almighty against impenitence and vice. In general, an air of complacency and benevolence, as well as of devotion, should be visible in his countenance: every appearance of affectation, and of its opposite error, coldness, should be sedulously guarded against. The attitude of the body should be erect, with an easy and majestic air, neither indulging unnatural and extravagant gestures, nor remaining constantly straight and motionless, like a speaking statue.

The motions of his hands and arms should be slow and graceful, and never raised above his head, except in the attitude of prayer, or of directing the attention to heaven. The preacher who is incessantly in action, clasping or throwing out his hands, and twisting his body, may justly be called a clerical mountebank. As the object of a sermon is to convince, to affect, to persuade; the voice, the countenance, and the action should be studiously calculated to produce those important and happy effects.

The celebrated poet, Cowper, thus finely contrasts the correct and dignified, with the finical and affected preacher:

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life

Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain;
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse,
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes,
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride.
From such apostles, Oh ye mitred heads
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain;
And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again. Pronounce a text,
Cry, hem; and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What! —will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mein
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the di'mond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?

He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and instead of truth
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore avaunt! all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass.
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labor, and though much admir'd
By curious eyes and judgments ill inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
At conventicle heard, where worthy men
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the prest nostrils, spectacle bestrid.
Some, descent in demeanor while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves,
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye—
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not.
Forth comes the pocket mirror. First we stroke
An eyebrow; next, compose a straggling lock;
Then with an air, most gracefully perform'd,
Fall back into our seat; extend an arm
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand, depending low.
The better hand more busy, gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye
With op'ra glass to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the slow retiring fair.
Now this is fulsome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. An heavenly mind
May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

He that negociates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and t' address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart.
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip,
Or merry turn, in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No: he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

The general faults of pulpit orators may be comprised under five heads, viz. *Effeminacy*, *Harshness*, *Bawling*, *Whining*, and *Monotony*.

It is not easy to say which of these faults is the most disagreeable. An effeminate and affected softness of expression in an orator who is speaking on the sublimest and most sacred truths is intolerable. A fribble in the pulpit is the most despicable of the whole offspring of vanity. A vain young man, thus trifling in the pulpit, and seeming to have no other view than to "lead captive silly women," is not only an object of the utmost contempt, but, in consideration of the disgrace and the burlesque air he throws upon religion, by the absurd affectation of his elocution he is certainly chargeable with no inferior degree of criminality.

Other preachers there are, who murder their accents and emphasis, and torture a voice naturally liquid, clear, or inclined to tenuity, by labouring at a hoarse and guttural, because falsely imagined sonorous, solemn, and dignified expression. This error sometimes proceeds from a mistaken idea of what is called Force in elocution, and sometimes it is one of the many unhappy and disagreeable consequences of imitation. For the same reasons that hoarseness of tone is to be guarded against, laboured loudness is to be avoided. This is not speaking, but bawling; it is not elocution, but vociferation, which some preachers aim at in this painful and unnatural exertion of the lungs: they mistake loudness for force, and noise for oratory.

Yet, disagreeable as is a bawling preacher, a whining, canting one is infinitely more so. The one stuns the ear, the other offends the understanding, while both are equally destitute of harmony and propriety of elocution. Whining is alike irrational and detestable both in prayer and preaching. And it is the more unpardonable as it is seldom so much an effect of devotion as an affectation of it, uttered in tones suited to the importunate cravings of a spoiled and fawning child, or the lamentations of a miserable mendicant.

I remember to have heard of a benevolent Frenchman, who, ignorant of our language, accidentally went into a place of worship in this country, while the preacher was sighing out his dolorous accents in this "Praise-God-barebones" style; and, commiserating extremely his apparent distress, and hoping that the circumstances were not quite so bad as he seemed to represent them, called out, from the momentary impulse of humanity, "Courage, Monsieur."

The last fault which I enumerated, viz. monotony, is the most difficult of all to correct, as it is almost always the result of organs so ill constructed for harmonious utterance, that all endeavours to conquer it entirely are generally in vain. There are voices which no art can teach to sing; and it is the same with regard to elocution, which Cicero not improperly calls "Cantus obscurior." The command of modu-

lation, and the variety of inflexion, are never to be attained by those whose organs are capable of emitting only uniform and unelastic sounds. Such preaching resembles the beating of a frying-pan for the collection of bees.

These are the most offensive faults in preachers, and when they appear, confirm the just, though facetious assertion of Dr. South, that "many a man knocks his head against a pulpit, who is much better calculated to *make* it than to *fill* it."

The oratory of the Statesman or Barrister, in the senate, in the council, at the bar, or other public assembly, is of a more unconfined nature than that of the Divine. To persuade, to move the passions, and to gain an ascendency over his antagonist, either by fair argument, by ridicule, by sophistry, or by persuasion, require a suavity in the tone of voice, a dignity of deportment, a gracefulness of action, and a command of countenance, which are not always to be found combined in the professors of these sciences. The barrister, in particular, should at all times be prepared to encounter casuistry, criticism, jest, and sarcasm: he must be ever on the alert, prompt to reply, and cautious of reprehension; his countenance should, therefore, be grave and commanding: he should carefully avoid all appearance of grimace in his action, all peculiarity and continuity of motion, and all stiffness and awkwardness of gesticulation; and, as his subjects are various, so should be also his looks and gesture; sometimes exhibiting an air of gravity and solemnity, and at others of gayety and good humour, free from every species of buffoonery and affectation, that he may not afford the least opportunity for pleasantry, for ridicule, or contempt. He should neither saw the air with his arms and clinched fist, beat the table therewith, thrust his hands into his pockets, nor play with his watch-chain.

The third species of oratory is that adapted to the Stage. And here the various powers of utterance and of action are most conspicuously displayed. The versatility of character required in an Actor, involves the possession of every accomplishment, and an acquaintance with the peculiarities of every profession, with the language and manners of every nation. The dignity of the monarch, the air, the ease, and urbanity of the gentleman, the roughness and simplicity of the plebean, the softness and insinuating assiduity of the lover, and the boisterous mirth and unpolished address of the peasant or the tar, should be always under command.

The celebrated Mr. Garrick, the phœnix of the stage, was equally natural and inimitable, in the personification of King Richard or King Lear, of Romeo or Ranger, and of Scrub and Abel Drugger.

Thus, in order to give oratory its full force, and render it irresistibly impressive upon the mind, as well as the external organs of the

hearer, it is not only necessary that the pronunciation, the countenance, and gesture, be regulated according to the established rules; but, the time, the place, the subject, and the occasion should also be duly attended to, and influence the public speaker in every department.

After all, it is impossible to acquire a correct and judicious pronunciation, a command of the various modulations of the voice, and strict propriety of gesture, merely from written rules, without practice, and an assiduous imitation of the best examples.

The plan of my proposed course of instruction having been misunderstood by some, I have thought it expedient, in the course of this address, to state to you the nature of it. It will, perhaps, also be proper, before I conclude, to give a short analysis of the subjects of the intended lectures, in the order in which they will be delivered; they are,

1. On Articulation, or the construction and proper use of the organs of speech in producing those various sounds, which constitute the human voice.

2. On the nature and proper use of Accent.

3. On the nature and proper use of Emphasis, by which the truth and force of sentiment is conveyed.

4. On the Quantity of syllables.

5. On Pauses, the judicious observance of which gives expression and animation to the subject discussed.

6. On Tones, or on the nature, modulation, and operation of the human voice, in forming, by its inflexions, those many expressions of sentiment and passion, which give energy to language and efficacy to thought.

7. On Looks, their proper application to language, and powerful influence when judiciously exerted.

8. On Gesture.

9. On the construction and proper recitation of the various species of verse, the correct application of the poetical pauses, and the means of producing the three great objects of poetic numbers, Melody, Harmony, and Expression.

11. Of the different Figures of speech, and the peculiar method of justly communicating to each its proper expression, both in reading and recitation.

12. Of the peculiarities attached to the correct reading and recitation of Narration, Dialogue, Soliloquy, Address, and works of sentiment and imagination.

These, with other branches of the subjects which may present themselves for discussion, will be attended, when necessary, with illustrations from the best authors.

I am well aware of the magnitude, importance, and difficulty of the undertaking I have encountered, and that a just and sufficiently

ample discussion of the several subjects proposed, with the necessary exemplifications arising from them, demands exertions of genius, of judgment, and of taste, far superior to any I can possibly presume to suppose myself capable of making. The undertaking, however, is not the suggestion of my own mind; but the attempt is made in compliance with the solicitations of some partial friends, who have formed the flattering, though, I fear, delusive idea, that by directing my attention to the subjects, in the mode I have already stated, I might in some degree render myself useful.

Relying, therefore, upon their benevolence to pardon the deficiencies and errors which may occur, I will perform the task assigned me with as much accuracy as my feeble abilities, and restricted opportunities for preparation, will permit.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

In a prior number of The Port Folio we described at some length, assisted by the light of ingenious chymists and physicians, the admirable qualities of those artificial mineral waters, which are now so generally quaffed, not only by the invalid, but by the jovial man of the world. More than one establishment of this nature having recently taken place in this city, as moreover there is a brilliant prospect of these waters becoming a fashionable beverage throughout the United States, and as the use of these salutary streams is not only indicated by the judicious physician, but is sanctioned both by Fashion and Experience, we avail ourselves of the present opportunity to give something like a detailed description of many of the mineral springs of Europe, which the physician, the apothecary, and the chymist have so happily imitated, both at home and abroad. On this subject, we have, of course, liberally extracted from the works of foreigners, but we should be happy to obtain a scientific memoir on this subject from some ingenious American. As the topic is by no means exhausted, we shall probably resume it in some future number.

One of the most celebrated of the foreign mineral springs is that of Seltzer, in the village of Neider Seltzer, in the bishopric of Triers. This village is situated in a fine woody country, about ten miles from Frankfort and thirty-six from Coblentz, in a district which abounds

with valuable mineral springs. The water is brought over to this country in stone bottles, closely corked and sealed, containing about three pints each, and when well secured, it will keep unaltered for a considerable length of time.

The properties and analysis of this water have been fully ascertained by Hoffman, Bergman, and others, and they are such as to render it very interesting to the chymist and the physician. Seltzer water, when fresh or well preserved, is perfectly clear and pellucid, and sparkles much when poured into a glass. To the tongue it is somewhat pungent, but much less so than might be supposed from its mere appearance, and has a gently saline and decidedly alkaline taste. If it be exposed to the air for above a day, or even be kept in vessels carelessly corked, it entirely loses its pungency and the alkaline, or lixivious flavour becomes proportionably stronger.

Seltzer is a saline water, slightly alkaline, highly acidulated with carbonic acid, containing more of this volatile principle than is sufficient to saturate the alkali and the earths which it holds in solution, and hence it is somewhat acidulous to the taste, and shows the presence of an acid by chymical tests, notwithstanding the alkali which is also and at the same time indicated by other re-agents. It is, however, a hard water and curdles soap, the soda not being in sufficient quantity to prevent this effect. This water is observed by Hoffman to become not only vapid but putrescent, and strongly fœtid when exposed to the air. Perhaps this may be owing to a small quantity of vegetable extractive matter. It requires, therefore, to be kept closely corked, and the mouth of the bottles covered with a cement, to prevent the escape of the carbonic acid, for as long as this antiseptic acid remains, the water continues perfectly sweet.

Seltzer water is the only example we possess of a water saline, alkaline, and at the same time, highly acidulated. Most of the other strongly carbonated waters are more or less chalybeate, and no other of the saline waters contains so much carbonic acid.

The effects of this water, when drank in moderate doses, are to raise the spirits and increase the appetite; it produces no particular determination to the bowels, as its saline contents are in very small quantities, but it pretty certainly increases the flow of urine. It is chiefly to the strong impregnation with carbonic acid, and to the small proportion of soda which it contains, that we are to look for the explanation of the very important benefit which is derived from it in a variety of diseases.

Few mineral waters have acquired a higher reputation than that of Seltzer, and we may add that few deserve greater consideration from the real medical virtues which it possesses, and from the variety of disorders to which it is applicable. Hoffman has spoken of it with the

highest commendation, and if we must allow something for the natural partiality which a German writer must feel for his own mineral springs, we must, however, admit that the greater number of his observations on this subject have been amply confirmed by later practitioners. The cases for which Seltzer water may be used with an undoubted prospect of advantage, seem to be the following. It is particularly serviceable in relieving some of the symptoms that indicate a morbid affection of the lungs: in slow hectic fever, attended with frequent flushing and profuse night sweats and with constant cough and purulent expectoration; it will often, in a high degree, check the violence of perspiration, diminish the discharge from the lungs, and correct its fetor, and under the operation of this medicine, the patient will for a time be able to gain quieter nights and more appetite. This excellent property of allaying feverish irritation may also be applied in many anomalous cases, where a tendency to hectic fever is suspected.

Another class of disorders for which this water often brings considerable relief, is in those exanthematous eruptions of the skin that are attended with general irritation, which were formerly ascribed to a scorbutic acrimony of the humours. Miliary eruptions, and all those that are not merely local and with which the stomach strongly sympathizes, often give way to the use of this water.

From the nature of both the active contents of Seltzer water, the soda and carbonic acid, we might expect great benefit from its use in various derangements of the alimentary canal; and accordingly we find that this is one of the most important of its uses. Foulness of stomach, bilious vomiting, acidity and heart-burn, spasmodic pains in any part of the alimentary canal, are the symptoms for which this medicine brings the greatest relief.

On account of the property of this water in relieving spasmodic pains, and from its rapid determination to the kidnies, and, perhaps, its alkaline contents, it has been sometimes employed with great advantage in diseases of the urinary organs, especially those that are attended with the formation of calculus. What power it may exercise over these concretions is not yet fully determined; but it is certain that under the use of this medicine, the mucous, sabulous, and often purulent discharge, that accompany the urine, is rendered much less painful, and in general, micturition is much less difficult. A large proportion of the Seltzer water, either genuine or artificial, that is consumed in this country, is for the relief of these disorders. Even in gonorrhœa, either simple or venereal, Hoffman asserts the advantage to be derived from this medicine.

In hypochondriac complaints and their attendant symptoms, especially those of dyspepsia, Selter water is of considerable service in cor-

recting the strong tendency to spasmodic pains in the stomach, and other irregularities of the alimentary canal. Seltzer water mixes soon with milk, and will not soon coagulate it. This mixture is strongly recommended by Hoffman in cases of hectic fever with expectoration, and it may also be sometimes advisable, in order to dilute the water, which in its most active state proves too powerful for very irritable habits.

The usual dose of this water is from half a pint to a pint.

Seltzer water is one that may be drank freely in most cases, and seems to require less precaution in its exhibition than most of the other mineral waters whose sensible properties and medicinal powers are so considerable. The chief precaution necessary during its use is to preserve a regular state of the bowels. From its pleasant taste and the exhilirating effects which it produces on the spirits, it is largely used at table as a common drink in Germany and Holland; and the circumstance of agreeable flavour is no small recommendation with patients who, during a long indisposition and irritability of stomach, have conceived an utter aversion to any of the numerous class of tonics and stimulants that stand on the list of the Materia Medica.

Of all the mineral waters for the use of those who drink them, not so much as an article of luxury as an article of the *Materia Medica*, that which is denominated Soda water, from the powerful alkali it exhibits, is perhaps one of the most salutary. Its physical properties are completely enumerated below, but they who are disposed to mingle it either with milk, beer, or wine, will find it a useful addition to either of those articles.

Soda Water.

This is well known to have great effect in complaints of the kidnies, ureters, or bladder, when these organs are either obstructed or irritated by calculous matter, or are in an irritable, corroded, or ulcerated state. While this water abates the acrimony of the humours, it dissolves and washes out the mucus and clears the kidneys, ureters and bladder from any matter of this kind that may be lodged in them; and it tends not only to prevent the generation of a calculus, or to stop the increase of one, but to diminish, as a solvent, such as is already formed. It affords the most desirable relief in the strangury. In cases of acidity in the stomach and indigestion, this water will be found very serviceable. Even in the gout those who have taken of this water for the stone or gravel have been cured of both diseases by means of soda.

It may be taken to the quantity of a pint or more, daily, at three stated periods; morning, noon, and night, an hour previously to the several meals of the day.

If it should produce any uneasiness in the stomach (which is seldom the case) a tea-spoonful or two of rum, brandy, or any spicy medicated tincture may be added.

In very cold weather it is sometimes best taken with warm milk. No regimen is particularly required, but such as temperance dictates.

It must be remembered that the three sorts of single, double, and triple acidulous Soda water, so denominated from the quantity of Soda salt it contains, are recommended to be taken in proportion as the stomach can bear, or as the disease requires a larger portion of the Soda. The double is generally used.

It is said that the late Premier, Mr. Pitt, was in the daily habit of drinking this water during those fatiguing hours of the morning when he was occupied by the cares of his official bureau. Whether Mr. Pitt derived health or pleasure from this beverage, we will not stay to inquire, but merely add, that it is one of the most grateful liquors to which we may be conducted by the Naiad of the mineral spring.

Pyrmont Water.

This celebrated chalybeate spring at Pyrmont, in the province of Westphalia, is known over most parts of Europe as a water which possesses most remarkable sensible properties, and very valuable medical virtues.

When first taken from the spring it is quite clear and transparent, and sends forth a copious stream of air bubbles for a considerable time, in which respect it far exceeds any of the mineral waters that we are acquainted with.

The taste is highly agreeable, being strongly acidulated and possessing a pungency very similar to that of brisk Champaigne wine, but it is at the same time strongly chalybeate and a little bitterish. The taste of iron it retains for a long time, even though exposed to the open air. On account of the abundance of gas, if the fresh water be immediately bottled and well corked and afterwards removed to a warm place, the bottles are very liable to burst with the expansion of the air; hence when they are filled for exportation, they are suffered to stand a while uncorked to allow a passage for some of the carbonic acid gas, though enough remains to enable the water to retain all its properties.

The sensible effects which this water occasions highly correspond with the chymical analysis. When fresh from the spring, and drank copiously, especially on an empty stomach, it strikes the nose with a very pungent flavour, and produces a kind of temporary intoxication. At all times too it enlivens the spirits and increases the appetite. The first water sometimes acts as a cathartic, but this effect on the bowels is very uncertain, and seems rather to depend on the state of body of

the patient and the generally stimulating property of the carbonated chalybeate.

The diseases to which this mineral water may be advantageously applied are the same as those for which the Spa and others of the acidulated chalybeates are resorted to; that is, in all cases of debility that require an active tonic that is not permanently healing; various disorders in the alimentary canal, especially bilious vomiting and diarrhœa. The precautions required in beginning a course of these waters are similar to those of Spa, and the cases in which they are contra-indicated, the same. Pyrmont water has, however, been thought to be considerably rougher in its operation, and more active; and hence Hoffman concludes that it is peculiarly well fitted for the use of the Westphalians, who are in general of a robust constitution, and live upon hard strong food. It is certain that whatever effects are produced on delicate stomachs by a hard water, may be here apprehended from the large proportion of earthy salts, and this is one circumstance in which an artificial mineral water has a decided advantage over a natural one. Pyrmont water mixes pretty smoothly with milk, and in this form it has been particularly recommended in gouty cases; and as it is so powerfully impregnated with active principles, it will bear a considerable dilution where this may be thought necessary, and still retain so much of the iron and carbonic acid, as to be equal in strength to most of the common acidulous chalybeates.

The dose of this water is about the same as that of Spa, under similar circumstances; but it may be observed that the country people who flock to this fountain of health on all occasions, partly for a variety of complaints, and partly to enjoy the kind of intoxication which it generally produces, have in general no other idea of proportioning the dose to their complaints than that of drinking it as copiously as the stomach will bear. When attention is paid to quantity, we may reckon about three pints as a daily allowance in common cases.

SUPPLEMENT TO VOLTAIRE'S LETTERS.

THE following interesting and elegant article is a version from the *Journal de l'Empire*, by a favourite correspondent, who has not only the power to translate, but the power to judge of what is most valuable in foreign literature. Although the name of Voltaire has been trumpeted throughout the earth, and the versatility of his talents sufficiently acknowledged, both by friend and foe, yet so voluminous and expensive

are his writings that many a polite scholar, perfectly familiar with his Candide, his Henriade, and his Histories is an utter stranger to many pieces written in the decline of our voluble author. Although such is the complexion of many of the pages of this infidel wit, we might hope that they might be *a fountain sealed* to the majority of men, yet, when Voltaire can refrain from ridiculing Religion, insulting Decency, and misrepresenting Politics, he is entitled to the attention of the scholar and the wit. The style of this extraordinary Frenchman is always brilliant, and his sentiments are sometimes just and useful. In the progress of the very valuable Review, of which this is a slight introduction, the curious reader will perceive a new proof of the astonishing inaccuracy of the rapid and superficial philosopher of Ferney. We may admire him as a dramatic writer. We may laugh with him as a novelist. We may relish him as a poet, but as an historian, or a reasoner, he is not entitled to much respect; and, when he has the audacity to criticise Shakspeare, or meddle with the idiom of the English, he either provokes our anger at his malignity, or our contempt for his weakness.

EDITOR.

Supplement to the Collection of the Letters of Voltaire. Paris, published by Xhrouet, 2 vols. 8vo. pr. 12 francs.

THE hundred volumes, or little less, which we have already, do not then complete the works of Voltaire? More than twenty volumes of letters do not contain all the correspondence of this indefatigable writer; who, embracing every subject, and assuming every style, composed, at the same time, long poems and little pamphlets; tragedies as well as wanton epistles, and light tales, works sometimes noble and dignified, sometimes improper and shameful; philosophical treatises, in which the cause of wisdom, moderation, justice, and the reciprocal courtesies which men, especially literary men, owe to each other, were supported often with dignity, and always with infinite talent and grace: and detestable libels, which trample on all justice, all wisdom, all moderation, filled with atrocious insults on estimable writers: and who, multiplying in a way till then unknown, volumes of verse and prose, astonished the republic of letters more by the fertility of his genius than the charms and the graces of his talents; while in the midst of all these various productions, he maintained the most extensive correspondence which the history of literature has recorded.

No one ridiculed more agreeably than Voltaire, the inexhaustible fertility of certain writers and the prodigious multiplication of books. "In spite of the law against multiplying beings unnecessarily," with a great deal of pleasantry he laughs at Dr. Caramuel, who projected writing neither more nor less than a hundred volumes, and had made

considerable advances towards so fine a scheme. Yet Voltaire himself, without announcing it in form, is at least as far advanced, though Caramuel, it is true, intended his volumes should be folios. Voltaire talks too of one Rhingelberg, who absolutely pretended to make a thousand volumes; which is nothing to Mercurius Trismegistus, who composed, as Iamblichus says, thirty-six thousand, five hundred and twenty-five books. It is not the first time that Voltaire, employing his familiar figure, exaggeration, ridiculed in others, what he did himself more than any one else. God forbid that I should compare him with Caramuel, Rhingelberg, or even Trismegistus, whose merit and talents it is, besides, very difficult now to appreciate. He certainly had a right to make more volumes than they, because he made them more agreeable; but has he not abused this right? How many thoughts, and pages, and chapters, both in prose and verse, are there in his numerous collection, which, had they been in the works of those adversaries against whom he waged so gay, but often so unjust and cruel a warfare, would have been the objects of his ridicule, and become, under his keen pen, an inexhaustible source of cutting pleasantries. If, for instance, Rousseau, or Lefranc de Pompignan, or Mr. Larcher, had so little respected either themselves or the public, as to offer to it images so vulgar, disgusting, and absolutely void of taste and interest, as Voltaire submits to his readers in the second section of the word Ignorance, (Questions on the Encyclopedia) how would they have been covered with biting sarcasms and satire. If all the pieces, which, like that, excite only disgust, and deserve only contempt, were retrenched from the works of Voltaire, without being too rigid, more than ten volumes would be suppressed. It would certainly have added to his reputation, it would have purified it, and rendered it less contested, to have expunged these infamous parts from the most complete edition of his works. But how can this be explained to the greedy speculators who see in every copy sold six francs for every additional volume, and in whose eyes this simple calculation is sovereign reason, or to the fanatic admirers, who revere every thing in their idol. These are the two classes who swell editions uselessly, who add volume to volume, and "multiply beings without necessity." I venture to say that there was absolutely none to print this supplement to the twenty-four volumes already given by the editors of Kell. I consider these two new volumes as a tax on those, who, having only ninety-two volumes of Voltaire's works, will be obliged to have ninety-four, till something better comes, and as a deceitful bait to public curiosity, which will be but ill satisfied. I believe that I am as sensible as any one else, to the charms of that talent which animates the works of Voltaire, and which sparkles particularly in his correspondence. But is there not a period at which the greatest admirer of that talent wishes to stop, and beyond which he finds only satiety and

weariness. Are we not tired of a wit, which, in this multitude of letters, is occupied with nothing, with objects either indifferent and forgotten, or respectable and sacred, always frivolous and superficial, often culpable and dangerous? Have we not then enough of these letters to Thiriot, this obscure correspondent, this contemptible agent; enough to Mr. d'Argental, and have not we heard repeated often enough for forty years, "that he placed himself under the shadow of his wings," that he "kissed the end of his wings"? Do we not know enough already of the dotage of the old man of Ferney, talking forever of his Scythians, his Guebers, and his laws of Minos, fatiguing all his correspondents with details of these miserable pieces, the changes he wishes in them, the corrections he sends, the advice to the players who are to perform them, his solicitations to hasten the representation of them. What pleasure can be found in these new proofs of so excessive and ridiculous an infatuation, and in learning that Madame Denis partook of it. "Madame Denis," writes Voltaire, "thinks that I have done nothing better than the Scythians, and I am of her opinion." Yet this is almost all that we find, or rather that we find again, in this supplement. I defy any one to produce from it a single important fact, a single anecdote not already known, a single interesting dissertation, or a single literary view. It absolutely leaves no impression on the mind, nor is it possible to conceive a more trifling production. But I am wrong—we still see in it the stamp of those unjust, violent, and hateful passions which tormented the life of Voltaire, and which will always obscure his glory in the estimation of those who think, and with justice, that genius and wit cannot excuse everything. But thirty volumes of his works already attested sufficiently the excesses of his passions. It was not necessary again to introduce him furiously persecuting his enemies and loading them with vulgar reproaches, with a shameless indecency of expression, disregarding truth, every moment disavowing his own works, recommending to his friends to deny theirs, and writing letters full of interest, and compliments, and tender wishes to persons who, in other letters and in other works, he outrageously abused. We did not want to see him again ridiculously flattering little wits, while he slandered some men of real merit, or substituting almost always for truth and a just discernment of men and things, his passions, his prejudices, his hatreds, the interests of a tyrannical philosophy, and the most irritable self-love. Such is the character of these two volumes, as well as of the whole correspondence. Yet the blind adorers of Voltaire would wish us to admire these letters, not only as models of grace, wit, spriteliness, and refined pleasantry, (which we admit, except that these two are not as good as the former volumes) but also, that we should admire his moral character at least as much as his genius. Such is the pretension of one of them, Mr. Ginguene, who has lately given us to understand it, with a good deal of

haughtiness in the Mercury of France. He begins with supposing, and with truth, that more just and impartial than himself, we would not adopt his foolish enthusiasm, and then abuses us, no doubt in order to imitate as much as he can the object of his boundless admiration and philosophical worship. He concludes by transforming us into owls, and metamorphoses himself into a pretty, gay, spritely lark, delighting all eyes with its grace, all ears with the harmony of its notes. Yet we shall see that this lark is neither just nor polite, at least, that he was neither, a moment before his metamorphose. A certain Countess of Benting thought, it seems, that she ought to burn some of Voltaire's letters. One would suppose that a lady might be pardoned for being shocked at the indecencies and impieties so often to be found in his letters. But the worshippers of the Grand Lama wish to lose none of the emanations from their divinity. Mr. G. regards the conduct of this good German lady as a "stupid barbarity." He "curses her with all his heart," calls her a "nonsensical countess," with infinite grace, politeness, and urbanity, and continues, "I wish they would publish the correspondence of a Benting and other scrupulous people of the same stamp, to see if it would display as much goodness, friendship, and generosity as in this reprobate Voltaire." Must we remind Mr. G. that among the "scrupulous people of the same stamp" would be the Fenelons, the Bossuets, the Pascals, the Racines, the Lamoignons, the Montansiers, the D' Aguesseaus, the Boileaus, and a host of illustrious men and celebrated women, who are not very commonly called "nonsensical." We have the letters of some of them, and if they contained such contempt for all truth and justice, or one half the calumnies and atrocious abuse which dishonour the correspondence of Voltaire, Mr. Guniguene, and his friends would triumph completely, and draw from it terrible conclusions. Let us, in fact, compare his correspondence with those of the philosophers of antiquity; let Mr. G. reperuse the letters of Cicero or Pliny, and candidly say, whether they do not breathe more goodness, mildness, and candour; more love of country and of mankind, a purer soul and a finer moral character than the correspondence of Voltaire. Let us conclude that these kind things have escaped him in a moment of whim, and whether we consider the substance of his piece, (of which we have not mentioned what is most out of place) or the form of it, we shall perceive that his whim is a very unfortunate one.

There are some people who think that they completely refute you when they say, "you are a slanderer of Voltaire;" and as I shall certainly not escape this easy convenient refutation, I will anticipate and repel it beforehand. No! I do not detract from Voltaire. Of all men, he, perhaps, possesses in the highest degree, those happy gifts which we properly call talents, those light engaging graces, that seducing art of discovering analogies between objects the most opposite, contra-

rieties between those apparently most blended together, singular relations, and pleasant contrasts. I like his clear, correct, original prose; in the light and witty style, I consider him, as perhaps the first of our poets, if not for the perfection of his poetry, at least for its variety, its number, and beauty; while in the serious and noble style he is still one of our greatest poets, though at a great distance from our first models. After doing this, certainly ample, justice to his talents, his wit, and his genius, why should I not render it equally to his heart and his moral character, if I thought it equally worthy of praise? I deplore, I confess, that in literary discussions on works of genius, we are obliged to mingle considerations personal to the character of their author, but there are circumstances which render it indispensable. How indeed can we refrain from it, when the immorality and the vices of the character are stamped on every page of the works, when literary works are often only expressions of the obliquity of the mind, and the passions of the man, when these passions are continually directed to defame virtue, virtuous men, and the principles which preserve society, and when in short, zealous sectaries, continuing this system of defamation, oppose for ever the pretended wisdom, the pretended virtues, and the false principles of their chief, to the real friends of justice, order, and morals. There is scarcely anything more odious among men than falsehood. There is nothing more contrary to the character of a man of honour, yet there is nothing which we meet more frequently in the works of Voltaire. You see him constantly disregard truth, betray it every instant, disguise his own sentiments, deny his own works, flatter with one hand, and tear to pieces with the other, the same individual, and commit himself in a way which can only be expressed by the odious word, falsehood. This supplement presents a crowd of examples of it. Here you see him asserting that he "*never read a line of Freron;*" there acknowledge that "*Freron has sometimes made him laugh.*" This to be sure is of little consequence, but it is shameful even in little things to contradict ourself thus. The works of Mr. Bordes are excellent, when he writes to Mr. Bordes, and "*he would have liked to have made them himself;*" but when he is writing to Mr. Chardon they are "*silly things,*" he "*would have been very sorry to have been their author,*" and "*he flatters himself they will not be attributed to him.*" But here are more serious falsehoods: Voltaire had made some abominable verses against the Marquis of Thibouville, with whom he was on terms of friendship and active correspondence; he is indeed one of those to whom the most of the letters in the supplement are addressed. All these letters are full of expressions of interest, affection, and attachment. In one of them Voltaire approaches the delicate subject of these infamous verses which had already circulated, and admire the

frankness with which he writes: "They tell me that you are thrust into this rhapsody along with Mr. D'Argental; but I had not seen what could relate to you; it is an abomination which ought to be forgotten. *It would make me die of grief.* Madame Denis is as much afflicted as myself; let us forget the horrors of human society. You should come and take the air here, *in order to punish the scoundrels who abuse your name and mine in so miserable a way.*" At the foot of the letter, the Editors, that we may not pretend to be ignorant of it, assure us, that these verses so formally disavowed by Voltaire, were really written by him. Nor is this the only service of the kind, which they do to his memory. In the years 1759, 60—61, Voltaire corresponded with king Stanislas, who had loaded him with kindness, and at whose court he had resided a long time: he wrote to him, and received from him, letters filled with marks of affection. "King Stanislas," writes he to Marmontel, "has written me a letter full of the greatest kindness, &c.:" "King Stanislas," says he in a letter to Thiriot, "has sent me his book; here is my answer, see if it is polite." Yet about the same time, when writing to the same Thiriot, he calls Stanislas, "a fool, making bad books with an Ex-Jesuit Secretary," and in the same letter praises highly Augustus who had dethroned Stanislas: a sentiment in which there was neither justice, nor patriotism, nor gratitude, nor politeness, nor frankness. At this time France was carrying on the unfortunate seven years war. Voltaire was embittering as much as he could the Duke of Choiseul against the king of Prussia. The king had written a bitter satire against the minister, and confided it to Voltaire; Voltaire delivered it up to the minister, as may be seen in the other volumes of his correspondence. I think he was doubly wrong; first, in receiving this piece, and secondly, in betraying the confidence of his correspondent, when this treachery could have no effect, but to prolong the war, and its attendant calamities, and when besides, he was protesting to the king of Prussia, that he let nothing *transpire* of the piece, and that Madame Denis who *trembled* in reading it, *had instantly burnt it*, (Correspondence with the king of Prussia, Letter of 19th May, 1759.) In the supplement Voltaire still urges the Duke of Choiseul, not to treat with the king of Prussia. "The Russians, and the Austrians must crush Luc, (the king of Prussia) this year, unless he escapes by a miracle. If Luc is destroyed, you become the arbiter of Europe." "I wish," he writes to Mr. D'Argental, "that the English and Luc may be beaten, and that neither Zulima, nor Cassandra, may be hissed." His wishes were not granted. Zulima and Cassandra were hissed, or deserved to be, and Luc was not beaten. It was at least well to desire it because Luc was the enemy of France, and certainly it is not this wish of Voltaire's that I blame, but I was curious to see in what style he wrote to the king of

Prussia, at that time, and I find *that he congratulated him on his successes*, (2d May, 1758.) In August 1759, he writes " your verses are charming, and if your majesty has beaten your enemies, they are still better." It is true, that in 1760, he no longer congratulates him, he writes to him rarely, and his letters are almost always to obtain reparation for the rather light treatment which Madame Denis had received by his orders at Frankfort. The king laughs at the captious philosopher, or haughtily keeps him at a distance. It was no doubt for this that Voltaire wished Luc to be beaten. It was not patriotism, but resentment, and a little revenge, that inspired him. That this was the case, is not mere conjecture; at least it is confirmed by a letter in the Supplement, in which Voltaire says with bitterness to the Marquis of Thibouville, " my niece thought that fifty thousand Frenchmen could avenge her for the four bayonets of Frankfort, but she was mistaken." And are these the letters which are to be opposed, as a monument of generous sentiments to all the " scrupulous people of this stamp," as Mr. G. nobly calls them. And what would be the case, if on searching through the twenty or thirty volumes of his correspondence, I were to discover through this seductive varnish of grace, wit, and gayety, all the proofs of injustice, hypocrisy, low flattery, implacable hatred, and barbarous hopes, which disgrace them. But what most characterizes them, is that dishonesty which makes him diguise his sentiments, betray truths, that are notorious, and calumniate virtue, against his own conviction. This is the character of the greater part of his works. I have already had occasion to remark one trait of this, in speaking of the life of Fenelon, and the reflections of Mr. Esmenard, induce me to return to the subject. Let us first relate the fact. Voltaire, to the great glory of Fenelon, wished to make him pass for a hypocrite, who publicly professed principles, which in his heart he detested. In support of this opinion he cites a very ridiculous couplet, which he attributes to Fenelon, and a letter written to him by Ramsay, in which, speaking of the Archbishop of Cambray, he says, " if he had been born in England, he would have developed his genius, and given a spring to his principles which had never been well known." Some writer denied the authenticity of this letter. Voltaire answers him by abuse, pretends that he can only say, that he has the letter; and to prove it, cites in English the letter he had already given in French. I confess I did not find this proof very convincing. However, Mr. Esmenard thinks that Ramsay really wrote this letter, but that he only alludes to the political principles of Fenelon, which might have been developed more freely in England, than in France, and not those principles against which Voltaire had declared an implacable warfare, and from which he wanted to detach Fenelon, in order to deprive them of the support of so fine a genius, and so virtuous a heart. I will not

dissemble that, in reading the life of Fenelon I had conceived the same idea: I do not say this because I am very sensible to the honour of having thought a moment like Mr. Esmenard, for I shall shortly prove that both of us were wrong. But let us first hear Mr. Esmenard. "This explanation," says he, "appeared to me very simple, and I confess it is dear to me, for I do not wish to consider the author of the Henriade as guilty of forgery, any more than the Archbishop of Cambray a hypocrite, those to whom either of these opinions is equally dear, are at liberty to keep theirs. I do not envy them the melancholy pleasure of staining what is most sacred among men, the immortality of genius, and of virtue." This is high-spirited. I admire very sincerely the zeal of Mr. Esmenard for virtue, but I observe that he but badly defends genius. In fact, if Mr. Ramsay alluded only to the political principles of Fenelon, Voltaire should have known it as well as Mr. Esmenard; what in him is only conjecture from a single phrase, at the distance of half a century, was certainty to Voltaire, who had the entire letter in his hands, and could not mistake its meaning. Why then does he give it one totally different? Does Mr. Esmenard believe that a man is guilty of forgery, when he counterfeits a letter, and not so when he only gives knowingly a false and culpable interpretation of it? This would be a very loose doctrine on so serious a subject. Yet it must be admitted, if his explanation was a justification for *genius*; but it appears that Mr. Esmenard is not only deceived in his apologetical explanation, but even in his conjecture. In fact, the English phrase cited by Voltaire, was never written by an Englishman, if we can believe an Englishman, Sir Herbert Croft, who speaks French too well to leave a doubt of his being well informed in all the rules, the syntax, and the refinements of his native language, and who therefore should be considered as an excellent judge of this subject. In a letter which he has done me the honour to write to me, from Amiens, he assures me that the English phrase cited by Voltaire is evidently a translation from a French phrase, by a Frenchman imperfectly acquainted with English. The sentence quoted by Voltaire is thus: "Were he born in a free country, he voll'd have display'd his whole genius, and give a full carrier to his own principles never known," (Age of Lewis XIV. ch. 38.) Now Mr. Herbert Croft asserts, that any well educated Englishman, such as Mr. Ramsay, would have written it thus: *Had* he *been* born in a free country, he *would* have displayed his whole genius, and *given* a full *career* to his own principles *which were* never known. "If painters," says Sir Herbert Croft, "decide with certainty on the manner of different masters, and between an original, and a copy, we have means still more certain to guide us in judging a literary translation." He then contends that any Englishman would have begun the phrase, not by the words *were he born*, but

by these, *had he been born;* a turn of phrase necessarily required by the words which follow *would have displayed;* he thinks moreover, that an Englishman would have been contented with the word *principles*, without saying *his own principles*, and that he certainly would not have written *never known*, without adding *completely*, or prefixing the words, *which were*. He proves, in short, that this bad English sentence cannot be ascribed, either to a Scotch, or Irish idiom, or the ignorance of the transcriber, so that it is an evident fabrication.

One of the greatest excesses of Voltaire, and that which is least worthy of a frank, generous man, is the profusion of eulogiums dictated by flattery, interest, or vanity, on persons either obscure or contemptible, and the prodigality with which he lavishes abuse on those who have the misfortune to displease him, who have not flattered his self-love, or shared his sentiments, his affections, or his enmities. To whom would one think he gives, in the supplement and elsewhere, the name of Pollio, a Roman Consul, the friend of Augustus, Virgil, and Horace, the author of beautiful histories and tragedies, and the conqueror of Dalmatia: to a farmer-general Lapopliniere, who never made any conquests, who never was known except for his immense wealth, and for being made ridiculous by his wife. Would we believe that to such a person he wrote, "I pity you much, Sir, for you have *great talents*, taste, facility, and a rich imagination. You will probably *be the ornament of the age* which I am about to quit."

But in return, there is no sort of abuse which he has not added in this supplement to what he had already vomited forth in prose and verse against Rousseau. "I could not guess," says he, "why he (Rousseau) advised Emilius to marry the daughter of the hangman, but I now see very well it was to keep a friend in time of need." Abusive letters against Rousseau had been carried off from the department of Foreign Affairs and put into the hands of Voltaire. He was impatient to print them, but afraid of being disgraced by the Duke of Choiseul and the Duke of Prassin, who were justly provoked at this violation of their ministry, he procures a solicitation to them for permission to print the letters, and charges the *divine angels*, with this diabolical negociation. This is the only reproach made against Voltaire by his new panegyrist in the Mercury; he felt the injuries to Rousseau, but applauds the others; the rest of mankind, the *mob*, the *stupid race*, were born for it, and should think themselves very much honoured by it.

Nothing was more implacable than the hatred of Voltaire. He hated furiously; he hated forever. The King of Prussia nobly reproaches him for it more than once in his correspondence. He begs

him to "let a man (Maupertius) die in peace, whom he had cruelly persecuted." He is obliged often to repeat the same form: "leave in peace," says he, "the manes of Louis XV;" for death itself could not, it appears, disarm Voltaire; "he has exiled you from his kingdom; he has made war against me unjustly. It is allowed to show sensibility for wrongs that we feel, but we must also learn to pardon. The dark and atrabilious passion of revenge is not proper for men whose existence is but a moment." The King of Prussia speaks very well, but he preaches in vain; Voltaire is still devoured by this "dark and atrabilious passion of revenge." To the thousand proofs of it contained in his other works, this supplement adds others. The President de Brosses was among the candidates for a seat in the French Academy, and certainly was entitled to it. But an old dispute existed between him and Voltaire; who now wrote to Duclos, Secretary of the Academy, to Marshal Richelieu, and another person, beseeching every one to prevent the election of Brosses, whom he painted in the most odious colours, saying that he would *die with mortification*, he would *suffer sudden death*, on hearing of his success. And who did he oppose to President de Brosses? Who did he wish in his place? If I were to name him, it would be seen that neither justice nor the cause of letters were of any weight in the scale against his revenge. It is true that the dispute between them was an interested one, and he was very sensible to differences of that sort, although it has lately been attempted to make him pass for a very generous man, and he has been admired for having, with an income of one hundred thousand crowns, made a present of twenty-five louis to one of his most devoted servants and admirers. Madame Denis did not think thus of his generosity; and among the monuments which this supplement raises to his glory, may be distinguished the letter from his niece, in which she says, "*Avarice stabs you*," or in a more polite variation, "*The love of money torments you. Do not force me to hate you. You are the last of men with regard to the heart. I will conceal as much as I can the vices of your heart.* We see that Madame Denis is out of temper; but ill temper, though it exaggerates, does not invent defects; above all, it does not invent one opposed to the character of the person we wish to mortify, and surely Madame Denis would not have written thus to a person known for his *vigilant generosity and the noble use of his wealth.* Admire however the fanaticism of the blind and enthusiastical partisans of Voltaire. This correspondence, filled with such marks of bad faith, calumny, implacable vengeance, and vulgarity, is given as a proof, not only of his genius, but the nobleness, the generosity of his character. "His enemies," say they, (and thus they call the enemies of his principles,

his vices, his fury) "his enemies are right; it should be all burnt in order to give credit to the calumnies and false opinions against the author." As if these letters themselves do not bear testimony against the character of their author. They attest also his genius. This we do not deny; but it should be acknowledged that the best letters of Voltaire have been published, and that, as is almost always the case, the supplement is not worth the rest of the work. We may say further, that although this writer is certainly one of the best jesters that ever lived, his pleasantries are sometimes very bad, and without going out of this supplement, and quoting only what can be done decently, is there much wit in this compliment addressed to the King of Prussia, which is intended to be very gay: "May I be as knavish as a Jesuit, as beggarly as a Chymist, as stupid as a Capuchin, if I have anything in view but your glory." Is there much delicacy in this sarcasm: "A man by the name of Nonote, an ex-Jesuit, has done me the honour of printing two volumes against me to get bread. I do not believe it will be superfine." It is known that one of Voltaire's pretensions was to end his letters, not by the common usual compliments, which long use has not rendered better, but by delicate happy strokes; he most commonly succeeds; but not when he concludes a letter to Chabanon in this way: "when you are in the Academy you will be disgusted with it, but never be disgusted with the friendship which you have excited in me." This is in a very bad taste.

But we must say a word of the work of the editor. Voltaire was accustomed to sprinkle his letters with quotations from Horace, Virgil, and the Latin poets most known. Sometimes he parodies the passages. The editor has taken the trouble of translating them at the foot of the pages. But in this he is very capricious. Sometimes he translates, sometimes he does not. He lets us know, in a note, the meaning of "*sub gladio oportet cognoscere malos*," &c. but he is determined we shall not know what "*ærugo mera, quid novi, de gente jesuitica, tuus sum, interim vale*," and a crowd of other citations, which are neither easier nor more difficult than those he explains. Sometimes he takes the pains of translating in a note what Voltaire translates in the text, as, for instance, that line of Horace which Voltaire addressed in French and Latin to the Duke of Choiseul,

Principibus placuisse viris non intima laus est.

It appears that the editor is not satisfied with Voltaire's translations. He will permit me to say that I am not very well contented with his own. He has made a blunder into which a scholar of the sixth form would not have fallen, because he would have translated

plainly without seeking difficulties where every thing was clear. In trying to be profound, he has made a clumsy mistake. The fact was this: Voltaire, it was said, had requested that the ears of the Grand Inquisitor should be sent to him. The Pope on hearing of this strange demand, answered gayly; "Make my compliments to Mr. Voltaire, but tell him his commission is impracticable, the Grand Inquisitor has neither eyes nor ears." The Pope's answer, says Voltaire, is very pretty, but he must, at the bottom, think the pretended request very indiscreet. I have written to Cardinal Bernis, begging him to inquire into the truth of this pleasantry, and how far it was carried. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes, et Romanos ridentes.* It is evident from the Latin itself and the French which precedes it, that this passage means I am afraid of the Greeks even when they make presents, and of the Romans even when they laugh. But the editor, to avoid doing like Lubin, who translates simply, *Collegium*, College, has rendered the passage thus: "I fear the Greeks when they make presents, and *laugh at the Romans*," which, in Voltaire's letter, would have no sense whatever. This mistake, it is true, does no harm except to the learning of the editor. But there are other notes less innocent, as where, without proof, a defamatory accusation is made against Mr. De la Harpe. Voltaire complains that some young man had stolen his manuscripts, and the editor puts in a note, "It is asserted that this young man is Mr. De la Harpe. Who asserts it? and even if it were asserted, would that give any one a right to print it? Let the editor make blunders, let him write nonsense. He has full permission to do so. But let him not, without proof, commit an outrage which even proof would not justify. What is the meaning too of this disrespectful and insulting style: "A man by the name of Moreau, author of The Cacouacs, a libel against the Encyclopædia, and of The Dutch Observer, another libel." Mr. Moreau was an author too well known, and too honourably known, to be spoken of in this contemptuous way, as "A man of the name of Moreau." The history of The Cacouacs is not a libel, but an agreeable essay full of keen irony against the Encyclopædia, which is itself often a libel; and The Dutch Observer was a political gazette written with moderation and propriety, against the enemies of France. The editor is not well informed in bibliography. He does not know well even the author whose works he publishes. He professes to give only letters hitherto unpublished, yet several in the supplement are already in print. That I believe is one in which Voltaire so nobly asks King Stanislas for bread and candle; certainly that written on the subject of a prosecution at Lyons against some persons accused of robbery and parricide. I think he is mistaken in ascribing to the Abbe Duverne the letter of a divine to the Abbe Sabattier; it was, at the time, una-

nimously attributed to Condorcet; he mistakes too, and it is much worse than a bibliographical error, when he asserts that the Duke of Nivernois is one of the decendants of Cardinal Mazarin. There should be no descendant of Cardinal Mazarin. But since he would make notes, he ought to have known the sources from which he might have obtained materials for more appropriate ones than those he has given. It would have been of service too to write them in French, or at least in a sort of French that should not be ridiculous. "He (the Abbe St. Pierre) was excluded from the Academy, to the shame of this company, on the occasion of the Polysinody." To the shame, on the occasion, Academy, company, Polysinody. The editor does not much vary his style, and is very fond of rhymes.

Σ.

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXIV.

NEARLY opposite to the English Benedictines, stood the convent of the Carmelites, where Mad. de la Valiere retired from the torments of jealousy, and the struggles of a wounded conscience—you will see in one of Mad. de Sevigné's letters a description of those remains of beauty, which were still to be admired in this lady after so many years of austere devotion and self-denial. Her answer to Mad. de Montespan, who asked if she was really as happy at the Carmelites as the world pretended, is perhaps as good a definition of a convent life, as could be given. I will not pretend to say that I am happy, was the answer, but I am satisfied. A part of the ancient convent has been converted to a very good use; it has been made to accommodate the abbe Sicard, of whose success in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, I will give you some account hereafter. A little higher up the street,

is the Val de Grace, a very handsome building, formerly a church, and erected by Anne of Austria, in gratitude to Heaven for the birth of a son, who was afterwards Louis XIV. The front is in a very magnificent style, but the handsome altar, the pavement of marble in different compartments, and the vaulted roof of inimitable sculpture, were what principally engaged the attention, and commanded the admiration of every traveller; it is now a magazine of stores for the army. Not far from the Val de Grace is the ancient abbey of Port Royal, formerly the retreat of many pious and distinguished men, and the very cradle of Jansenism, which, from an obscure dispute whether certain propositions were, or were not, in a book which nobody read, assumed at length the appearance of a party, that Louis XIV thought infected by republican ideas. He had objected to some officer's accompanying the duke of Orleans into Spain, on a report of his being a Jansenist, but withdrew his objection upon being told, that the officer, so far from being a Jansenist, was not even a believer in God. This abbey, like the convent of the Carmelites, has been applied to a very worthy use—it is the great Foundling Hospital of Paris, and there are annually upon an average, about six thousand children received there: no questions are asked of the persons who bring them, and after having been taken care of for ten days or a fortnight, they are sent into the country to nurses hired for that purpose. I have heard a Frenchman compare, with exultation, the facility of reception at the foundling hospital in Paris, with the difficulties which the wretched mother would experience in similar circumstances in London. But I question whether the custom in Paris does not, to a very great degree, promote the evil that it is meant to alleviate. The matron of the institution is a very sensible and well-behaved old lady; she told me, that she had for more than fifty years, fulfilled the same duty at the former foundling hospital and here, and that upwords of 300,000 children had passed through her hands. It would be a melancholy fact to ascertain how few of the 300,000 are alive at this moment, and interesting perhaps to trace the destiny of some of them. Formerly, children were brought here from all parts of the kingdom, but the matron assured us, that the capital alone had furnished for some years past as many as the hospital could receive, and that during the last year the number had

amounted to nearly 7000—a sad proof of the increasing libertinism in Paris, or of increasing poverty, or perhaps of both. There was something extremely affecting in this assemblage of our little helpless fellow-creatures ranged along in their cradles, or on their beds, with neatness and apparent comfort, treated as members of the great brotherhood of mankind, and receiving that succour without which they must have perished. In the chapel of the hospital is the statue of the founder, St. Vincent de Paul, and surely if the rank in heaven of any individual mortal after death is to be presumed, it may be his: the first services of St. Vincent were in his character of preceptor in a noble family of Paris, sometime in the commencement of the century before the last, and during the reign of Louis XIII, but he was soon, by his natural activity, carried into scenes more suited to that strong benevolence of soul, which animated all his actions; and as a slave at Tunis, was made to endure for a time, the worst perhaps of all situations that man is exposed to from the cruelty and violence of his fellow creatures. Having for some years afterwards officiated as chaplain general to the gallies, he returned to Paris, and found means to establish three different orders of charitable persons, devoting themselves to the service and assistance of the unfortune, and making it the employment of their lives to penetrate those retreats where modest poverty conceals itself, or, as Johnson expressed it, "where lonely want retires to die." But his great work was the establishment of the Foundling Hospital. It had been long customary to sell such new-born children as had been left exposed by their parents and seemed likely to live, at 20 sous a piece, in the Rue St. Landry, and these were purchased either for purposes of deception in rich families, where a child was required to effect the descent of property, or to relieve some unfortunate or some diseased mother from the inconveniencies of milk. His first step was to found a Hospital for twelve children, and he was soon afterwards able by his zealous exhortations, conveyed in the most affecting eloquence, and by the sacrifice of all he possessed, to save sūch as were found at the porches of the different churches. Perceiving, however, that the warmth of that charity which had procured him the co-operation of so many persons at first was beginning to abate, that the children he had saved would be again deserted, and those outrages to humanity,

which he had so successfully resisted, would soon re-commence, he called a meeting of all who had ever approved of his proposals, and assisted his pious views; by far the greater part of the company consisted of persons of your sex, and I am sure you will easily conceive their feelings, when the good St. Vincent, having ordered a number of the children that had been rescued from destruction, to be placed in the midst of the church where the meeting was held, ascended the pulpit, and concluded a very affecting address in something like the following words.—Behold then these little creatures, whom their own cruel mothers had forsaken, and whom you, ladies, have adopted as your own; forget now for a moment, the tender tie which unites their destiny to yours, and do all of you conceive yourselves called upon to act as their judges, and to decide their fate. If that pity, which has hitherto preserved these helpless objects be withdrawn, they must all perish—their lives, then, depend upon your decision—tell me therefore, sisters, shall these children live, or must they all die? They could answer him only with their tears, but so powerful were the effects of this happy moment, that the means were immediately furnished for establishing a Foundling Hospital, and for endowing it with a perpetual rent of about 2000*l.* sterling. It is a circumstance which ought to be known, for the honour of human nature in its worst moments, that amid all the devastation of pictures and of statues, which took place during the Revolution, those of St. Vincent were always respected. In the statue which I now allude to, he is represented as descending the steps of some public building with a new-born infant wrapt up in his cloak and against his bosom, and the sculptor has very happily expressed a degree of joy in the good man's countenance, at having saved a fellow creature, mingled at the same time with a sentiment of regret at the appearance of another infant who lies lifeless at his feet. I cannot conceive how people should crowd about the Apollo, or the Laocoon of the Louvre, and leave such a statue as this unnoticed. Returning down the Rue St. Jaques, you pass the Val de Grace, the Carmelites, and the English Benedictines, and arrive immediately after at the Pantheon; this was originally intended as a church, and it was meant that it should receive the shrine of St. Genevieve, who, from a humble shepherdess on the banks of the Seine, had become, after a lapse

of ages, the patroness of Paris. The shrine was to have been placed immediately under the centre of the superb and highly ornamented dome, that rises to the height of 305 feet above the pavement, the faithful might then, from all quarters of the church, have had easy access to the remains of this holy maiden, to whose particular intercession in heaven, it was supposed, the inhabitants of Paris owed whatever they had enjoyed of happiness and prosperity. It was customary upon some great occasion, as when rain was required for the fruits of the earth, or when there was too much rain, to carry this revered shrine in procession, and it was then adorned with every thing valuable that the company of jewellers could furnish. Twenty persons dressed in white, and with naked feet, were the bearers, and St. Marcel himself was brought from a neighbouring church by his votaries, to join in the procession; but Mad. de Sevigné will give you the best account of this solemnity, and will tell you that it required ten more men at least to carry each of the saints home again, when their shrines had once approached within a short distance of each other. They had been acquainted in this world some centuries ago, and had retained an inclination for each other's company ever since. From this outrageous degree of nonsense the mind of the Parisian passed, as might have been expected, during the ferment of the Revolution, to the opposite extreme. What became of the gallant St. Marcel, I know not, but the shrine of St. Genevieve was ransacked, and her remains, after having been treated with every species of insult, were conveyed to the place de Grêve, and burnt by the executioner. The church, now become the Pantheon, is a very handsome edifice, and is intended, it is said, to receive the remains of those illustrious men, who do honour to their country by their writings, and their exploits in war. The remains of Mirabeau had been deposited there, but they were removed on the discovery of a correspondence which he had carried on with the court, as were those of Marat, after the fall of Jacobinism; and in order to avoid such inconsistencies hereafter, it is now understood that no one, however distinguished, can be interred in the Pantheon, until ten years shall have rolled away after his death. The tombs of Rousseau and of Voltaire are, as yet, the only monuments to be seen

there, and as these have been placed on a lower floor below the pavement, they appear to very little advantage, and do no credit to the intention of the government. I am surprised that none of the wits of Paris should have imagined a conversation in the nature of Lord Lyttleton's dialogues of the dead, between these two great authors, as they remain here, side by side, during the long and tedious nights of winter; they might each very properly allow that a fair experiment had been made of their principles in matters of religion and politics; that all power had been for a time concentrated in, and exercised by, the people, and Christianity driven out from among Frenchmen; and that the result had been fatal to good government, and to every sort of morality—to the arts and sciences, and to all the decencies of common life. A noble prospect of all Paris is commanded from the top of the Pantheon, and as I foresee that the objects I have yet to speak of may occupy several letters, I will avail myself of the situation, and conduct you, in imagination, to the upper gallery, whence we may cast a rapid glance over the greater part of Paris. The city, divided into nearly two equal portions by the river is at our feet, and the circular line of barriers at the outlet of every street which communicates with the country, shows how the inhabitants of this great metropolis are shut in whenever their master pleases, as sheep are by a butcher. A good map, and some previous knowledge of the city, enables one easily to point out the different churches, hospitals, and palaces, and to distinguish the military school, where the present Emperor received his education, at the expense of the late King; the Hotel of the Invalids, and the Champ de Mars. It was on this fatal spot, that Louis XVI accepted of a Constitution which was his destruction; it was here that Bailley, one of the most humane and enlightened men of the age, drank to the very lees the cup of human misery—and it was here, that the representatives of the nation could for six years successively, swear eternal hatred to that form of government to which they have since sworn allegiance. The Hotel of the Invalids is particularly conspicuous, and the more to our satisfaction, from our knowing that two or three hundred officers, and from three to four thousand soldiers, are comfortably accommodated there for the rest of their lives. You will see a description of this great and magnificent building in any book of travels into France, and particularly of the dome;

which, though superb in execution, was a very useless and costly addition to so charitable an establishment. Several hundred standards, taken in war, are here displayed in a very graceful manner. I saw three or four English among them, but what surprised me was a jack and ensign of the American navy; I think our ambassador might be directed to inquire upon what occasion they were taken, for no such event was ever, I believe, known in America. I observed among the standards, that those of Russia and of the German powers were dark and gloomy and torn with bullets, those of Italy were gaudy and for the most part entire, and those of Turkey were singular with a certain semi-barbarian air, which is not unbecoming. The kitchen of the hotel is a dark and gloomy cavern, where Polyphemus might have stretched himself at full length, after having supped on two of the companions of Ulysses, and it seemed every way worthy of such a master; but the library made us amends—it is a light and handsome room, where an excellent collection of books is provided for the use of the pensioners, and where I had the pleasure to see several of them reading at a very convenient circular table, while others were looking over maps, or taking notes. At the upper end of the room is a picture of Buonaparte, when first consul, by his favourite painter, David, in which, though I have heard it much commended, I could see but very little merit. He is represented as on horseback, at the moment of passing the St. Bernard. But no horse, of such horses, to use the language of Homer, as are born in these degenerate days, could possibly gallop in such a place, nor could any man keep his seat in such a position—the whole composition, in short, is defective. I would have seated him on one of those blocks of granite, which lie scattered over the surface of the little plain of St. Bernard, and were probably brought there by some great convulsion of nature; and I would have expressed in his countenance the pleasure which a great conqueror might be supposed to feel, at beholding his army file off before him, after a successful struggle with difficulties which, to the rest of mankind, had appeared insurmountable. I would have made him smile with complacency, for I am told he has been seen to smile, and I would have rendered the whole picture as pleasing a representation as possible of the most brilliant event in the life of this great man. But David has given him a dark and gloomy air; and, were it not for the insignia of command, one

would suppose it the portrait of some officer of captain Rolando's, who, after assassinating a traveller, was endeavouring to escape, at the risk of his neck, from the pursuit of the holy brotherhood. Between the Luxembourg, the Invalids, and the river, is the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where the greater part of the principal nobility resided at the time of the royal government. Their hotels are in general at the extremity of a court, separated from the street by high walls, and with spacious gardens behind. A great number of these have been sold as national property, and are converted into lumber houses or stores; for the new rich, who might alone apply such buildings to their former purposes, choose to be in the busier part of Paris, and nearer the Thullieries; but some are yet in possession of the rightful proprietor, and I am told that the best company, in the proper sense of the word, is still to be met with in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Some few persons of noble birth who had originally taken a part in the Revolution, have been since carried along by the torrent, and now fill offices in the government, or about the person of the emperor; they are not many in number however, and it has not been without threats of banishment and confiscation to them, and all their connexions, that a few ladies of ancient name have been prevailed upon to stand upon the list of attendants on the empress. On visiting a cotton manufactory, I was surprised to find a Monsieur de Montmorency, and some other noblemen, of ancient and illustrious family also, among the directors of it; the Duke de Liancourt, whose travels in America have been published, has converted the castle of his ancestors into a similar establishment; he confines himself to a small corner, which serves for every purpose of housekeeping, and has been heard to declare that he never before knew what happiness was: I have, upon two or three occasions, found myself in the company of this ancient nobility, and have been struck with their cheerful acquiescence to the will of fortune, and at that dignified politeness of demeanor, which does not exist elsewhere. Immediately below us, for I must still suppose you in the gallery of the Pantheon, is the quarter once called the University, from being chiefly the property of that ancient body which had been erected into a corporation by the earlier kings of France, and was in possession of very extensive municipal rights. The two inhabited islands of the river are before you on the north; that of the city, which has the palace of Justice at one

extremity, and the church of Notre Dame near the other, is a collection of narrow dirty streets, and dark houses, of I know not how many stories, and that of St. Louis consists of regular streets which cross each other at right angles; it was formerly the residence of people of the robe (as lawyers and judges are called in French), and has now the appearance of one of our towns in America at the time of the yellow fever. To the east and south-east of the Pantheon are the Fauxbourgs St. Victor and St. Marceau, remarkable for having furnished, during the whole of the revolution, a crowd of needy and desperate individuals, whom the different parties have used as instruments against each other; and remarkable also for manners and customs, extremely remote from those of the brilliant parts of Paris. I should like, before we quitted the Pantheon, to give you some idea of that noble building, the purposes of which may be changed a great many times yet before it can be completely finished. It is in the best style of architecture, with a front composed of twenty-two Corinthian columns fifty-eight feet in height; fifty-two others of smaller dimensions surround the exterior of the dome; the interior of the building consists of four naves, decorated with one hundred and thirty Corinthian columns, and in the centre of these is the dome, which presents sixteen others, that support a spherical roof, from which rises a second and more elevated vault. It would, if finished, be such as you might suppose the Temple of Fame, in Roman or in Grecian times; and the present intention is, that the whole shall be surmounted by a colossal statue of the goddess, with all her attributes. From the Pantheon we will go to the Gobelins, which have been so frequently and so well described, and then to the ancient church of St. Medard. There is no art perhaps, in which the first rude essays are more remote from subsequent perfection than that of tapestry. The veteran of the fish-market, with a face marked by bruises, and in all the glow of habitual intemperance, is not more removed in appearance from the *elegante*, who shivers at a breeze, than the hangings we sometimes meet with under the name of tapestry, are from the production of the Gobelins. Their performance is always a copy from some picture, and their mode of working resembles weaving rather than embroidery; the threads are perpendicular—these they intermingle in all the infinite variety of colours that the subject requires, working on the wrong side,

reversing every thing, consequently, as an engraver does, when he works without the assistance of a mirror, and unable, but in imagination to trace the progress of their work; they sometimes rise, indeed, and go round the frame to observe the resemblance to the original, and occasionally undo a part of what they had completed. The workmen are in the employment of government, and receive less wages than a negro man does for sawing wood in America. They are, as you may suppose, with such wages, rather meanly dressed, and have a squalid unwholesome appearance, from being so continually confined to a sitting posture. To approach one of these persons at work, and to behold what rises under his forming hands, is to have an idea of something like creation—Zeuxis, selecting from the assembled beauty of Greece those traits which might best become the goddess of love; the bold approach of some, the reluctance of others, the bashfulness which hides itself behind a companion, and the perfection of the human form in every limb and feature are, I might almost say, divinely expressed; other copies of a great variety of the best pictures are to be seen here; but I was principally struck with that of Zeuxis painting Venus, and that of admiral Coligni, who meets his murderer at the door, and seems to say to him—Young man, respect these grey hairs.

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. III.——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RIDICULE, says some one, is the test of truth. If we judge by the ordinary practice of mankind, this opinion seems to be generally adopted, for nothing is more common than to use this weapon against those whose conduct or opinions, we disapprove; yet, why this opinion has been sanctioned by the approbation of all, and the practice of as many as are qualified for the undertaking, I am quite at a loss to conceive. The purpose which ridicule designs to effect is laughter, and the means adopted for this end are universally, an aggravation, distortion, or concealment of the truth. It is absolutely necessary to heighten the natural colours of most objects, to enlarge their proper lineaments and features, or to show some of them disconnected with others, which are their genuine attendants, in order to render them ridiculous.

If we examine any instance of ridicule, either in books, or conversation, we shall not fail to find it such as I have mentioned. If we are acquainted with the original of which the ludicrous portrait is presented to us, we fail not to perceive the monstrous interval between them: nor, indeed, is it easy to find any natural or possible features whatever, in any picture designedly ridiculous. The scene very seldom bears any resemblance not only to the particular object designed to be exhibited, but to any thing within the bounds of possibility.

It cannot, however, be denied that objects sometimes occur which, in order to excite ridicule, need be only truly and faithfully portrayed. Such objects are very few. In painting them, the dealers in ridicule, are never satisfied with adhering to the truth, though their purpose would be sufficiently answered by adhering to it. They have an invincible propensity to be unjust, and to trick out the victim of their cruelty, with some preposterous feature which does not belong to him.

Since, then, the most venerable and lovely person; the most pure and enlightened conduct; the most generous and irreproachable opinion can be made, by the sons of wit and of malice, ridiculous, by taking away somewhat that really belongs to it, and giving it somewhat that it has no title to; since objects ridiculous in some degree are never formally exposed to the ridicule, they merely deserve; but always, by the addition of fictitious circumstances, to more than they deserve, how comes it that ridicule has ever been considered as the test of truth?

Another and more important error lurks in the common practice and opinions on this head. No conduct or opinion of any kind deserves to be ridiculed. Laughter is not the effect which any conduct or opinion ought to produce. If there be a fault or error in it, it cannot fail to produce mischief, or unhappiness somewhere; but of what texture must be that mind to which guilt and misery are objects of laughter? It is true that we daily see crimes and misery treated with laughter and derision, by many persons of intelligence and probity, but this arises from their ignorance of the true nature of the object of their mirth, or their casual inattention to it. They view it, not in its true light, and with its inseparable circumstances. Their mirth, is, itself, the offspring of lamentable folly; their laughter is the child of disgraceful ignorance.

There are few objects that excite the ridicule and laughter of the vulgar, more than the freaks of drunkenness. The drunken wretch of either sex in the streets, is pursued by a troop of joyous laughing souls of all ages. The drunken man has even been thought worthy of being brought upon the stage, not for the detestation or the pity, but the amusement of the audience, and the delighted shouts of the ragged vulgar in the gallery, are not seldom re-echoed by the applauding

clappings of the well-dressed mob in the boxes: Yet no fastidious refinement, surely, is evinced by those who derive nothing but horror and compassion from such a spectacle. No singular sagacity, may we be allowed to think, is required to comprehend the dismal and terrific consequences of this vice to the victim himself, as well as to the unfortunate beings who own him for a kinsman, or a friend. I have often thought, indeed, that nothing more strongly evinced the selfishness and cruelty of human nature, than the ridicule which drunkenness commonly excites. Those to whom such a spectacle, exhibited by their own parent, wife, or child, would be the greatest of imaginable woes, find it infinitely entertaining in those who happen to be strangers to them. They make not the case of the kindred of this reprobate their own. Though this suggestion of sympathy should seem to be extremely obvious, how few are they, whose hearts it finds accessible?

I remember, in times that are, happily, long past, when the hospital for maniacs in this city, used to be a favourite resort of the dissolute and idle, on sundays and holydays. The thrifty system that then prevailed allowed every one to enter who paid his doit, and every one was suffered to go where he pleased. The visitants generally repaired to the vaulted gallery, which separates the cells of the lunatics: there, little wickets being open in the cell-doors, they had opportunities of looking in, and making themselves merry with the incoherent exclamations and unmeaning gesticulations of the tenant. To heighten the amusement, it was common to provoke the maniac by insulting gestures or speeches. The threats and execrations of the madman, and the ineffectual efforts at revenge which he made, with his face, or his arm through the wicket, made this dismal vault resound with peals of laughter. To strike, with a club, the hand extended through the opening, to catch the weapon, was accounted excellent sport, and I have seen some of the unhappy victims tormented in this way for many hours.*

These may be considered as rare and violent examples of the folly and cruelty of ridicule; but, in truth, the most harmless and allowable ridicule, differs from this only in the degree of its absurdity and wickedness, while that ridicule, which brings ignominy or contempt on objects by decking them with false colours and distorted features, is still more criminal: nothing is more piercing than contempt, *sharper than the serpent's tooth* is the sting of derision. Hence virtue and wisdom, both as to their effects on the fate of the possessor, and their

* This incident is a simple fact, of which the writer, when very young, was more than once a witness in the Pennsylvania Hospital.

influence in general happiness, lie at the mercy of unfeeling, or unprincipled wit. It is unfortunate for human happiness, that the most deadly of all weapons is, at the same time, managed with most ease, that very few can examine impartially or deeply, or reason coolly, or accurately, while millions can laugh, and raise a laugh with the utmost success against an adversary.

There are some, who may think him, who employed his days in laughing at the miseries and vices of mankind, more worthy of imitation, than the rueful sage, who found, in the survey of human life, perpetual occasion for weeping. The first may not have been very compassionate or considerate, but was certainly the happier of the two. If laughter, in such cases be absurd, or cruel, yet the philosopher himself was happy in the occupation. Weeping, in the other case, is misery in him who weeps, and is a still more egregious folly, since it is injurious to the mourner, without being of any use to the object of his commiseration. But this is not altogether true. Relief and amendment can only be expected from him, who pities. The more he is agonized with his compassion, the stronger is his inclination to heal the error, or remove the distress, which occasions it. The laugher, on the contrary, finds joy in his mirth, and would be very sorry to be deprived of the occasion, which excites it. If ridicule amend the object of it, it is without any such design in him, who deals in ridicule. We often hear ridicule defended on this score, but this plea is remarkably fallacious, since ridicule, will certainly instil a passion much more hurtful, than most of the faults against which it is levelled, and, so far from certainly curing the original defect, it may render it more inveterate and radical. If I lay down a darling habit in order to avoid your ridicule, I shall take up instead a deadly enmity against you, and the last I shall certainly do, whether I do the first or not. He will appear to me entitled to nothing less than unextinguishable vengeance, who derives joy from my misfortune, and hastens to blazon it abroad to the world, instead of warning me against it in private. My reformation, by depriving him of occasions of satire, will mortify and disappoint his vain and selfish heart, and though I may rejoice in the ultimate consequence, it will be impossible to abhor the author of it. The potion he administered for poison, has, after a painful struggle, restored me to better health than ever, but is he not a poisoner and assassin still? In order to judge rightly of the wisdom, discretion, and benevolence of ridicule and satire, nothing is necessary, but to imagine ourselves to be its object.

Almost every work, famous for satirical wit, affords an example of the injustice of ridicule, and a long chain of memorable cases might be mentioned, beginning as high as Socrates, in which ridicule has done irreparable mischief. The trophies of her salutary conquests

are few, while those of her flagitious murders cannot be reckoned for number. For one unquestionable malefactor, whom she has chastised into remorse and reformation, she has brought innocent and meritorious thousands to ignominy, ruin, and death.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE employment of what the booksellers quaintly, but expressively, call a *taking* title, is become a sort of fashion, among the novelists of England. The popularity of Mr. Surr's "Winter in London," has diffused winter all over the kingdom, and has generated a Winter in Bath, and a Winter in Kent, and Winter every where. Miss Sidney Owenson has lately written the history of a "Wild Irish Girl," and, *as we expected*, one Mr. Dennis Jasper Murphy, who we suppose is a mere man of buckram, and whose tremendous name is what the French call his *nomme de guerre*, has followed his fair countrywoman with the "Wild Irish *Boy*." The adventures of this Hibernian lad have just been reprinted in New-York, and are by no means ill written, or barren of entertainment and instruction. The style often rises to elegance, and the concealed author is certainly a man of genius and observation. He has already distinguished himself by a work of imagination, entitled the Fatal Revenge, or the family of Montorio, a novel of much celebrity, which has likewise been reprinted here, and which will be read with rapture by those, who relish Mrs. Radcliffe, or who are fond of an inside view of the cells of the Inquisition. The Wild Irish Boy is dedicated, with great address, to that munificent nobleman the Earl of Moira. From this elegant dedication we will transcribe a single paragraph, which, we think, is at once evincive of the author's powers of language, and of modesty associated with the spirit of an aspiring adventurer. "I am an Irishman, unnoticed and unknown, a professional man without preferment, and an author without celebrity. No man covets obscurity, yet I would not willingly emerge from mine, till I am called forth, and feel that I deserve to be called forth; that Society owes me something, and is solicitous to repay me; that I have a place and a name on earth. "*Ex fumo dare lucem*," I think an excellent motto for a man, not indignant of concealment, but not "formed for concealment."

The following extract, though not very favourable to the literary and moral character of MOORE, is inserted here as a specimen of style, and as the frank, though apparently reluctant, opinion of one of his own countrymen. Our Wild Irish Boy's hypothesis, that the occasional levity of Mr. Moore's muse, renders her totally incapable of the highest flights of poetry, has already been abundantly refuted by the poet himself.

"A figure, very different from the last, now entered. A young man of diminutive stature, but of an intelligent countenance, and a most easy and felicitous address. I fear, said Bellamy, you can hardly bestow the praise of purity on the productions of your countryman, Anacreon Moore. I fear, said I, the want of that praise excludes him from more. The merit of a writer must be, in some measure, connected with that of his subject, and the subjects that writer has chosen are such as to exclude all praise, but that of brilliant levity of sentiment, and exquisite versification. By what evil genius his choice was directed I cannot conceive, but I lament its influence has been equally unfortunate for poetry and for himself. He was formed to enlarge the territories and honours of poetry; but, like *Vasco*, his expedition has terminated in being *thrown away* on the *island of Love*. A dull writer defeats the mischief of his own depravity, but the pointed and polished shafts of Moore, like those of his favourite Deity, tingle in the blood with delicious irritation, and convey sweet poison through the most balmy and seductive medium. I speak of him with real sorrow; he might have done much—he has done nothing, but what I hope he will yet wish undone. No writer I have ever read, possessed so much the power of picturesque and living description of nature, or of luscious and yet lively, and uncloying harmony of sound. He is a writer, of whose powers the world can no more form a just estimate, than we could of Pope, from his Paraphrase on the first Psalm, or of Homer, if we had read no more than his Loves of Venus and Anchises. Before the wreath of his Fancy had well bloomed, he hung their *blushing honours* on the image of the garden god. I fear no other power will now receive his vows. It is possible to injure the mind's eye, as well as the bodily, by a constant contemplation of one object: the object that Moore has contemplated, must of itself, give an obliquity to the intellectual sight. He has talked and written of love, till, I fear, he can no longer write of any thing else. His ideas, which, like those of every writer, must, in some measure, be supplied from external sources, do not appear to me to be drawn from sources either deep or various. I am afraid, like his own *Little*, he has only read what he pleased, as well as written what he pleased. If his reading has been extensive, the power of assimilation which his mind possesses must be amazingly strong. It is a perfect fountain of Salmacis, whoever enters it becomes voluptuous and debilitated. His language, which, at first, presents an

endless and unwearying range of diversified elegance, if closely examined, betrays repetition, artfully concealed, like the boundaries of the gardens of the Serail, it escapes the eye under a fence of roses.

"It is painful to speak with severity of a man, whose suavity of manner, facility of information, and easy dissipation of life, present a kind of innocent and infantile luxury. But we should remember, that the levities of a man are vices in the author. No one need publish the frolics of his intemperance, or expose the nudities of his indulgence. While Alcibiades riots in the recesses of his luxury, the injury is only done to himself; but when he sallies out to outrage sanctity, the offence becomes serious and cognizable. For a man, possessing so many powers of giving delight, between whose lips and whose pen, Harmony seems to have divided her existence, eminently skilled in pleasing those whom all are proud to please, capable of effecting the rare union of sentiment with sound; of being at once the poet of the senses, and the minstrel of the heart; for such a man there may be, there must be, a thousand excuses, if HE SINK INTO THE SOFTNESS AROUND HIM; but, for the attempt to communicate what he must have felt the injuries of himfelf, for the attempt to add seduction to pleasure, and teach Impurity a new species of sentimental Logic, to add an impulse to the lapse of vicious feeling, and modulate the *death dance* of vice with the harmony of a lyre strung by heaven; for this, there can be no excuse, even at the bar of literature; and if he carries the cause to a higher court, I doubt still more tremblingly, his acquittal there."

All this is an elegant exhibit of polished composition; nor are we at all disposed to molest our critic's morality, because it appears to be agreed on all hands, and, as we well know, acknowledged by Mr. Moore himself, that many of his juvenile poems are of a too ardent character. But when our Wild Irish Boy fancies, that because the poet's page sometimes reveals all the softness of SAPPHO, sometimes all the voluptuousness of MINNERMUS, now the indelicacy of CATULLUS, and now the license of OVID, the versatile MOORE is incapable of other and better things, we think the critic does the highest injustice, not merely to the man, but to Mind itself. Such is the astonishing pliancy of genius, so boundless its resources, so extensive in its flights, so unlimited in its operations, that an Alcibiades, a Julius Cæsar, a Picus Mirandula, or a Sir William Jones, can be considered as a phenomenon, only by a vulgar remarker. In fact, in the very volume which has been the most obnoxious to the fastidious severity of Criticism, and to the indignant reproaches of Morality, which has caused the monk to cower beneath his cowl, and the prude to bridle behind her fan, contains the most splendid proofs of consummate ability in the loftiest compositions of the lyric, and, above all, of the satirical muse.

What can be more impassioned, what more beautiful, what more sublime, what more allied to the very best manner of Juvenal and Persius, of Johnson and Churchill, than many of Moore's poetical epistles? We challenge the whole force of Criticism to bring any piece in her whole park of artillery to bear upon one of these points. Here the author is perfectly invulnerable. The writers in that highly respectable Journal, the British Critic, a large portion of whom are clergymen of the established church, men of the gravest character and the purest morals, associated with a stern severity of judgment, the stores of learning, the powers of genius, and the delicacy of taste, declared, in a strain of unexampled liberality, their favourable opinion of the talents displayed in Mr. Moore's earliest effusions, and when these critics officially advert to one of his latest productions, they offer to him, as a "a piece of friendly advice," the following suggestion, which we publish in their own words. "Let him *republish*, in a smaller size, all the poems in that volume, which are not morally exceptionable, and we will answer for an extensive sale. The author, we hesitate not to say, is, in many respects A TRUE POET; and we should be happy to praise his talents, and point out his merits, if he would give us such an opportunity." This is liberal and noble. Our judicious critics accurately draw the line of discrimination between the frolic Fancy, and the legitimate labours of Mr. Moore. They advise him as parents, and they praise him as judges. We hope he will richly profit by every hint from such wise and good men. In the giddiness of indiscreet days, stimulated by the fervour of fancy, and the force of feeling, mingling with the *juvenes protervi* of a dissipated metropolis, beguiled by Fashion, and seduced by Beauty, the modern Anacreon has, perhaps, made more than one sacrifice to that Venus, whose attribute is not wisdom, and whose epithet is not *Uranian*. But he has recognized his errors, and has not only traced the thorny path of Contrition, but has made rapid advances to those steeps of Fame, whence he may gaze, with a serene eye, upon every critic and every competitor. Let him persevere in this lofty purpose, let him court the Dryads of the country, instead of the dames of fashion, and it requires no prophet's skill to predict that his honoured name will be familiarly associated with the most classic authors of the Augustan age of his country.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THORNTON ABBEY: A Series of Letters on Religious Subjects.

A scrupulosity of temper in the use of any lawful means to promote the Spiritual or Temporal welfare of mankind, receives no countenance either from Reason or Revelation, &c.

2 *vols.* 12*mo.* *London, printed. Philadelphia, reprinted.*

IN the United States, the right of printing any book, not wicked, however foolish or insipid, is guarantied to any person disposed to pass it through the Press. Hence arises a kind of necessity for reviews: because, among the crowd of authors offering themselves candidates for public applause some of course must be undeserving of the wreath. But although the task of criticising is useful and laborious, yet it is invidious. He, therefore, who presumes to occupy the Bench in the Court of Criticism, in order to be completely qualified for his station, ought to be well versed in all the statutes of literature: and moreover, he ought to have the eyes of Argus, the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the meekness of Moses, and the strength of Johnson: thus fortified, he might undertake to pronounce judgment without fear, favour, or affection. Such are the desirable qualifications of this sort of High Chancellor. But a person less variously endowed, may be permitted to notice a book of minor pretensions; and, therefore, as I have not yet seen any remarks relative to the work named above, I take the liberty to offer some. Whatever may be your rules with regard to sectarian principles, the *benign spirit* of these Letters on Religious Subjects seems to entitle them to particular notice.

Opening the volume, THORNTON ABBEY caught my eye. Ho! said I, here's a novel; I never read such works; the world is inundated with as much trash of this kind as would require a lifetime to read. But proceeding, *A Series of Letters on Religious Subjects*—a novel on religious subjects! It must be something incongruous. To me, of grave, studious habits, the titlepage was repulsive. But I ventured to read the work, and can, as a *Lawyer*, though not as a *Divine*, from a perusal of the whole of the evidence, give my opinion, that the reader of these volumes will be both pleased and instructed. The author's style is perspicuous; and he has skilfully interwoven with the usual incidents, the common charm of novels, a theme of piety grateful to the Christian of whatever denomination. Several sects are mentioned, but so delicately, that no offence can be taken by the liberal. There is a *sprinkling* of the Divine Oracles throughout the work which renders it *unique* and valuable: it is free from asperity; inculcates the practice of the most beneficent precepts; exhibits the brightest examples; and is admirably adapted to those volatile beings who, considering divine subjects trite or abstruse, devote their time to reading light and frivolous books. It leads them gently by the hand

into the delightful fold of the Shepherd of Israel. The Infidel is reclaimed, and the parties are, finally, made Baptists; but this is no more than the winding up of the plan, no more than a necessary, and surely a *happy* catastrophe. We must be either of Paul, or Apollos.

In the Preface to the work, the publisher observes of the author:

"Having observed that much evil was conveyed to the rising generation by the enchanting works of fiction, it was his wish to convey truth and godliness through that medium."

His attempt is praiseworthy, and will be no doubt attended with useful effects.

Mr. Neville, the careful father of the accomplished, amiable, and what is rarely associated with superior acquirements or beauty, the *pious* Eusebia, was of opinion "that the minds of youth uncultivated, may be compared to lands neglected by the husbandman, which receive all the seeds scattered at random by the winds," and spared no pains to enrich the minds of his children with useful learning, and to render them orthodox in religion. But Eusebia, meek, modest, and learned, inheriting a little of the perverse or *curious* spirit of her great-grandmother, in despite of the admonitions of her parent, and her tutor Father Albino, strays from the Church of Rome, for a long time wanders about like a lost sheep, and continues to interest us to the end of the history, when she is unexpectedly married to Mr. Clifford, whom she had happily contributed to convert from Infidelity to a genuine belief and exemplary practice of the injunctions of a Christian Church.

The matchless Eusebia, disputing with Mr. Clifford and asked by him, "Whom do *you* call Christians?" thus elegantly replies: "those who imbibe the doctrine, the precepts, and the example of Christ. Did he, by any of these, teach his followers to destroy or injure those who believed not?"

If any there be, sufficiently captious, or cold to the precepts of the Gospel, to condemn the work without reading it, I would answer, read it—"Who art thou? O great mountain! Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MONITOR—No. I.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I REQUEST the favour of a page or two in each of the numbers of your useful production, for hints and recommendations, intended for the public benefit; that is, just so long, as you deem my lucubrations likely to produce the end proposed.

UNSEATED LANDS.

Perhaps there is hardly any thing in the political regulations of America, that is more disgraceful than the system that prevails in some of these States, respecting unseated lands. It is pregnant with ruinous consequences to many of the landholders, and opens scenes of rapacity and fraud, which loudly call for a reform. These lands are, as they ought to be, taxed for the purpose of promoting the settlement of them, by discouraging a tendency towards monopoly of vast tracts of lands, in the hands of wealthy individuals, equal to German and Italian principalities. The owners of those lands, or a large proportion of them at least, reside at a great distance. They are, generally, ignorant of the amount of the taxes, and of the place where they are to be paid; and, even if they know them, are liable to neglect the payment, owing to the pressure of business, and that spirit of procrastination which holds almost universal empire over mankind. The lands are in consequence of this neglect, sold for the taxes. Combinations are formed by neighbouring settlers, and under the solemn mockery of the semblance of justice, tracts worth probably hundreds or thousands of dollars, are sold for as many cents. This is no ideal case. A valued friend of mine has irretrievably lost 1000 acres of land in the State of Ohio, that cost him 2000 dollars, for about three years taxes, amounting to about 20 dollars! It is not easy to conceive of greater injustice perpetrated almost without murmur on the part of the sufferers. It is no small aggravation of the severity of the case, that many of the landholders have been compelled to take these very lands in payment of just debts, long due to them by traders to the westward, and which debts were finally liquidated by receiving the lands at extravagant prices.

The remedy is easy and simple. It is not a mere matter of speculation. It has been tried, and found efficacious. New-York, to her immortal honour, has relieved herself from the shame and disgrace of such scenes of rapine.

The unpaid taxes on unseated lands form a distinct fund, which bears interest at fourteen per cent. The interest is yearly added to the

principal. To this objections may be made, as it is actually compound interest. But the objection is grounded wholly on inveterate prejudice, for, as the tax ought, if right, to be paid yearly, and as in that case the money might be put out to interest, which would be so much increase of the capital of the State; it is but reasonable that the State should not suffer by the delinquency of its citizens, nor would it be just that they should benefit by that delinquency.

The amount of the taxes and interest forms a lien upon the lands, and is an effectual bar against any alienation of them, while it remains unpaid.

Notwithstanding the high percentage, and the compound interest, the lands generally raise in value, in a much greater proportion than the increase of the amount of the debt to the State.

To the powerful State of Pennsylvania, let me say in the words of Scripture:

Go—do thou likewise.

—

TURNPIKE ROADS.

In travelling through the State of New-York, last Spring, I observed several turnpike gates staked back, so as to prevent their being shut. On inquiring, I was informed that there are commissioners, who are directed by law to inspect the turnpike roads (I am uncertain whether once or twice a year), and if they find them not in proper order, it is their duty to stake back the gates, which is a virtual suspension of the collection of toll, till they are put into complete repair. The reader need not be informed, that the apprehension of this interdiction induces the managers to industry, and watchfulness; and when it has taken place, that great exertions are made to remove the evil.

This regulation, like the former, is worthy of adoption in our State.

—

SWIMMING.

Many valuable lives are yearly lost through ignorance of the very simple art of swimming. And with all the advantages we possess of proximity to the Schuylkill and Delaware, there are great numbers of our young people, particularly of the middle and upper classes of society, brought up in total ignorance of this healthful, and necessary art. Very many parents regard with horror the idea of trusting their children in the river, "till," as the old woman said, "they have learned to swim." I propose a simple remedy for this difficulty, which will afford a decent man or two, a comfortable living every Spring, Sum-

mer, and fall. Let a man of this description undertake for a moderate compensation to give lessons on the art of swimming, to a select number of pupils, whom he will be able to take sufficient care of, and guard against danger. I am egregiously mistaken if there would not be very handsome encouragement for such an undertaking.

Q.

ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE SOLDIER OF THE ALPS.

In the vallies yet lingered the shadows of night,
Though red on the glaciers the morning sun shone,
When our moss-covered church-tower first broke on my sight,
As I cross'd the vast oak o'er the cataract thrown.

For beyond that old church-tower, embosomed in pines,
Was the spot which contained all the bliss of my life,
Near yon grey granite rock, where the red ash reclines,
Stood the cottage where dwelt my loved children and wife.

Long since did the blast of the war-trumpet cease,
The drum slept in silence, the colours were furled,
Serene over France rose the day-star of Peace,
And the beams of its splendour gave light to the world.

When near to the land of my fathers I drew,
And the dawn-light her features of grandeur unveiled,
As I caught the first glimpse of her ice-mountains blue,
Our old native Alps with what rapture I hailed.

"Oh! soon, I exclaimed, will those mountains be passed,
And soon shall I stop at my own cottage door,
There my children's caresses will greet me at last,
And the arms of my wife will enfold me once more.

"While the fulness of joy leaves me powerless to speak,
Emotions which language can never define,
When her sweet tears of transport drop warm on my cheek,
And I feel her fond heart beat once more against mine.

"Then my boy, when our tumults of rapture subside,
Will anxiously ask how our soldiers have sped,
Will flourish my bay'net with infantile pride,
And exultingly place my plumed cap on his head.

"Then my sweet girl will boast how her chamois has grown;
And make him repeat all his antics with glee,
Then she'll haste to the vine that she claims as her own,
And fondly select its ripe clusters for me.

"And when round our fire we assemble to-night,
With what interest they'll list to my tale of the war,
How our shining arms gleamed on St. Bernard's vast height,
While the clouds in white billows rolled under us far.

"Then I'll tell how the legions of Austria we braved,
How we fought on Marengo's victorious day,
When the colours of conquest dejectedly waved
Where streamed the last blood of the gallant Dessaix."

'Twas thus in fond fancy my bosom beat light
As I crossed the rude bridge where the wild waters roll,
When each well-known scene crowded fast on my sight,
And Hope's glowing visions came warm to my soul.

Through the pine-grove I hastened with footsteps of air,
Already my lov'd ones I felt in embrace,
When I came—of my cot not a vestige was there—
But a hilloc of snow was heap'd high in its place.

The heart-rending story too soon did I hear—
An avalanche, loosed from the near mountain's side,
Our cottage o'erwhelmed in its thundering career,
And beneath it my wife and my children had died.

IMOGEN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MODERN LAURA.

I'VE seen the wild rose gem the field,
In all the pride of vernal bloom;
Its tints to Laura's blush must yield:
Its fragrance, to her breath's perfume.

Around the tombs, where sleep the brave,
I've seen an Eglantine display
Her lucid folds, and gently lave,
With virgin dews, the hallowed clay.

But purer is the tear, which gleams
In Laura's blue and brilliant eye;
And richer is the flush, which beams
From lips, which, with the ruby vie.

Had Laura's smile, of radiant power,
Her frank and fascinating air,
Illumed the famed Italian bower
When GENIUS SHONE RESPLENDENT THERE;

No Bard would then for wedded charms
Have cherished an unhallowed flame;
But chaster fires, more sweet alarms,
Her beauty, wit, and worth would claim.

That spell of innocence and truth,
The magic which her glance displays,
Thus blended with the glow of youth,
Had, then, embellished PETRARCH'S lays.

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

AT the close of Dr. Downman's poem, entitled *INFANCY*, the benefits of inoculation for small-pox are described, and a eulogium delivered on Mrs. Montague for the share she had in the introduction of that practice into Great Britain. By some slight omissions, additions, and alterations, it will be found, that the passages alluded to, apply, with greater truth and effect, to Vaccination and its promoter, Dr. Jenner. The result of the attempt is now presented to the Editor of The Port Folio, with all due deference, by

A SUBSCRIBER.

ADDRESS TO A MOTHER.

To happy mansions, objects of delight
And joyful prospects turn, to where thy child,
By Vaccination mild, hath overcome

The plague variolous!* as Hercules
The spotted snakes defeating, transport flush'd
Alcmena's glowing cheek, so over thine
I see the kindled radiance. Whether born
In Ethiopic wilds, or mid the sands
Of parch'd Arabia, or where spread the shores
Girding the Caspian; from his natal place
Pursuing Mahomet's wide wasting arms
The monster* rush'd on Europe, pale Dismay,
Horror, and Death rapacious in his train.
For many a century without control
When raged his fury, by pernicious skies
Aroused or propagated far and wide
By fell Contagion he destroyed mankind.
The cities groaned; the matron o'er her babe
In unavailing trance of angush hung.
The lover offer'd up his fruitless vows,
And wearied heaven, importunately fond,
To save the beauty which his soul ador'd.
The babe, the mother's self became his prey;
The youth and virgin sunk into the tomb.
If life were granted, beauty was effaced;
Each decent feature tumid and enlarg'd,
Roughen'd or dented with unseemly scars.

Med'cine was whelm'd with shame, the Roman page
Was silent, nor the Grecian could afford
An antidote for evils Grecia's sons
Had ne'er imagined. Rhazes wrote in vain;
And even Sydenham's efforts had their bounds.
For the cold lymph with prejudice was shunn'd;
And Sydenham, though he oft by freer air
Tam'd the devouring heat, and shook the throne
Of learned ignorance, declaring war
Against its regimen, adverse to life,
And compounds teeming with destructive fire,
Alexipharmic poisons; could not change
The rank malignant nature of the pest:
Which still, when favouring constitutions reign'd
And in peculiar habits, all his art
Baffled invincible; his art, beyond
All mortals else and only not divine.

* Small-Pox.

Inoculation next by Montagu
Cherish'd and introduced, appear'd to quell
The spotted plague; but later times have prov'd,
That, spreading far and wide contagion dire
It aggravated what it seem'd to check,
And added fuel to the raging flame.†

The triumph was reserved for Jenner's hands:
Thine was the deed, illustrious friend of man!
What Physic ne'er conjectur'd, what describ'd
Seem'd to Philosophy an idle tale,
Or curious only, He by patriot love
Inspir'd, his country rising on his view,
Prov'd as a truth, and prov'd it on her sons.

Yet this is he whom Envy's poison'd lines
Hath dar'd to censure, (flowing through the quills
Of false observers.)‡ He hath been the cause
Of heart-felt joy to thousands, thousands live,
And still shall live through him. Their labours please
None but the sceptic or the darkling crew
Whom neither Science nor Hygeia owns;
While he, the sage with generous aim unlock'd
The springs of Satisfaction and Delight,
And with perennial comfort bless'd the world.

Let me then urge this duty; nor to fear
Or Superstition yielding, let thy child
Encounter in his hideous shape the fiend,§
And brave his violence. For whither, say,
To what sequestered haunt canst thou retreat
Where he will not pursue? How vain thy flight!
How sure thy victory, if as Art directs
And wise Experience, thou anticipate‖

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† Dr. Heberden has proved that the number of deaths from Small-Pox, in Great-Britain, has increased since the introduction of *inoculation*, as it necessarily tends to spread the contagion.

‡ Drs. Rowley and Mosely, of London, have written against vaccination with all the asperity of prejudice, and have treated Dr. Jenner with the greatest illiberality. They have been to Jenner what Zoilus was to Homer.

§ Small-Pox.

‖ It appears to be the opinion of some ingenious and experienced physicians, that the Cow-Pox is a milder species of Small-Pox, and by proper attention may be preserved and perpetuated in this mild and effectual state.

Jam nova progenies *cælo* dimittitur alto. VIR.

His threaten'd blow! So when the Patriarch's arm
Was stretch'd to wound his son, an angel came,
And sav'd the victim from impending death.
Gentle and harmless we may call the power
Of genuine *Vaccination*, which regards
Nor times, nor seasons, nor disturbs the child
If to dentition's wonted state arriv'd;
Though then the lab'ring frame can ill endure
Variolous infection, whose success
Demands a nice selection of the time
Propitious to its pow'r, lest spasms dire
By the contagious vapour rais'd, invade
Sudden the precincts warm of light and life.
This¶ too the cold of winter bids us shun,
Potent the vessels to contract, increase
Their tonic force, and in the system stir
Fierce inflammation. And the summer heat;
By which all putrid ferments are sublim'd,
And render'd doubly fatal. These extremes
Avoided, in the temperate months alone
Each prudent matron ventur'd to resolve
To obey the calls of duty and of love.

But Vaccination no restraints like these
Will own, and bounteous as the light
Of heaven, with freedom spreads its blessings pure
To every season and each age alike.

Need we in this our era when mature
And vigorous Reason prospers, groundless fears
Oppose by arguments? The groundless fears
Of doubt or superstition? In thy mind
Nor terror should, nor can with justice dwell.
But lest as naturally seen, by art
Unmodified, uncheck'd the stern disease
Should thy young charge assault. If he escape
His lot is fortunate. Assaulted thus,
Oft from a hundred only, many die;
From many hundred thousands scarcely one
If rightly vaccinated. Nor believe
Kind Providence unfriendly to the deed.

¶ Variolous inoculation.

From Providence flows reason to mankind;
And reason teaches us to fly from ill,
And covet good. Th' invention, the success,
Is the true warrant of approving heaven.
Who would not rather cross a shallow truth
When first the rising tide begins, than wait
Hemm'd in a nook till with impetuous force
It sweeps him from his station? Who refuse
By Franklin's pointed rod to draw the stream
Of lightning on their roofs, because the cloud,
Might harmless pass above? thus safe convey'd
In unterrific silence to the ground.
For Jenner then again the verse prepare
And bring th' harmonious strain! why through the realms
Of Europe are not votive statues placed
Honouring their benefactor? From the Straits
Of Gades, south, to where the towers ascend
Of fam'd Petropolis? or crossing wide
Th' Atlantic foam, why in the new-found world
That more to him than its discoverer owes;
Or mid the varied tribes of Asia's sons,
Appears no structure sacred to his praise?
Yet shall Imagination rear the dome
And fix th' expressive marble. Hither come,
Ye nymphs and swains with flowery garlands deck'd
Your polish'd foreheads; grateful hither come
Ye guardian genii! hither, glowing Love,
And spotless Beauty! Youth, with radiant eyes,
And blooming Health! while underneath the beech,
Or oak, which waves its consecrated shade,
Humanity and Wisdom smiling view
The festive throng, mid whom the Graces play,
And quitting their proud bowers and lofty hill,
The Muses utter notes divinely sweet,
Such as of yore they sang, when Gratitude
Tun'd to the friends and patrons of mankind
The genuine lyre, ennobled by its theme.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

O LOVE! sweet pain! tormenting pleasure!
O, anguish! pleasing beyond measure!
Dipp'd in Nectar is thy dart,
It wounds, but sweet, O! sweet the smart.
I saw, to guard Cecilia's eye,
Cupid with threat'ning arrows by,
I saw his bow of silver bent,
My rapturous gazes to resent;
A while my gazes I restrain,
But O! could not but look again,
Tho' by his threat'ning arrows slain!
I saw his chains, prepar'd to bind
My wounded heart; yet had no mind
Him to oppose; but gaz'd and sigh'd,
While he his silken fetters tied!
If I but *will* to break his chain,
In spite of him, I'm free again,
But O! I know not why of late,
I willing wear the chains I hate!
I love, yet curse love's tyranny;
I slav'ry choose, yet would be free;
I weep my fate, and yet, how strange,
Would not with kings my fate exchange!
I blame, yet woo; lament, tho' pleas'd,
Am sooth'd by Hope; with doubtings teas'd.
O! sweetly miserable state!
Give me, kind Heaven, the maniac's fate;
That my oblivious, wilder'd brain,
May fancy bliss, and feel not pain!

J. H.

MORTUARY.

On the 12th Inst. departed this life Miss HETTY PHILLIPS, in the 46th year of her age.

The merits of this lady were not of a kind to force themselves upon the gaze of the world; for though she possessed, in an eminent degree, the milder virtues of the human heart, yet they were veiled by such

modesty and diffidence, that a cursory observer, though acquainted with her for years, might have been ignorant of her worth. Her deportment was mild, but dignified; for she knew too well the respect due to herself, ever to condescend to any thing that would derogate from it. She never wished to excite the notice of others, yet invariably received the attention and respect of all, who were capable of discerning the excellence of her character. Her capacity was good, and her sense of propriety acute. Few could vie with her in integrity and delicacy of feeling. She was truly thankful for the blessings bestowed upon her by Providence, and endeavoured to be resigned to its afflictive dispensations. The death of her brother, Benjamin H. Phillips, late American Consul, at Curracoa, was a severe trial of her fortitude; for she entertained an uncommonly strong affection for him: yet she bowed submissively to the will of Heaven. Sensible that every affliction was sent for her good, she endeavoured, as far as was in her power, to obey the will of her Maker, and strove to obtain that knowledge and faith which would ensure her a place in the Mansions of the Blessed. It was her earnest prayer to be taken from this world suddenly, and before the decrepitude of age should render her a burthen to her friends, so great was her fear of outliving her usefulness; and Heaven was not unmindful of her prayer, for the illness which terminated her life, was but of few minutes duration. Though she experienced that apprehension of death natural to the human mind; yet she beheld its approach without terror, supported by the conviction, that

——"the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

Such was the conduct through life of this amiable woman, who lived beloved, and died lamented by all who knew her.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE authoress of the poetical article, addressed "to the modern Laura," in this number, and signed E. which, we have reason to think, was written at New-York, is thanked for a performance of so much genius, taste, and sensibility. We shall be always pleased to receive *poetical* performances of such a character; but as we under-

stand that when she invokes the MORAL MUSE in *prose*, she is listened to with a very favourable ear, we indulge the hope that she will furnish us with a series of speculations upon those topics of letters and life, which the genius of an accomplished woman is best calculated to discuss.

The pathetic "Lamentation of an unfortunate Mother over the Tomb of her Son," is a memorable proof of the ardour of maternal affection, and of the vigour of a powerful mind, even when oppressed by the weight of tremendous calamity. We remember the object of her tenderness, a beautiful and interesting boy; and we believe that he ripened into a most accomplished man. In breaking the ligaments of this loathsome life, he has made his escape from its various thraldoms. He is now manumitted from its miseries. He is now a citizen of no mean city. Let us cherish the hope that among glorified spirits he is eternally enrolled, and

> On flowers reposed and with fresh garlands crown'd
> Quaffs immortality and joy.

A *well written* article, even upon topics repugnant to our feelings, and prejudices, should nevertheless be sometimes admitted by a liberal man into a liberal miscellany, whose object is to please the greater number. In The Port Folio for March, we inserted a Biography of the late celebrated CHARLES FOX, though we do not profess to be one of his partizans. Still we have never been blind to the brilliancy of his genius, the simplicity of his manners, or the versatility of his talents. He, whom BURKE, at a period of opposition and enmity, whom GIBBON, whom even PITT extolled, must have been no vulgar mortal. As a gentleman, as a scholar, as a companion, as a friend—he was unquestionably entitled to all the praise of his contemporaries. His elegant Biographer, Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, having confined himself to the delineation of the moral, social, and literary qualities of Mr. Fox, we felt no hesitation to admit an elegant article, which, in our deliberate opinion, contains nothing more than a just tribute.

The Analysis of Antony's Speech is subtle, ingenious, and eloquent. The critics may differ, respecting our friend's hypothesis, but no one may doubt of its plausibility, or of the strength, by which it is supported. We think our valuable correspondent has a peculiar talent for those delightful investigations, so dear to the lovers of polite literature, and we urge him to be as lavish of this sort of criticism, as the multiplied avocations of a noble profession will allow to one, who is endowed with the happy privilege of speaking, as well as of writing well.

The gentleman, whose appropriate signature is R. H. R. and who delineates with so much accuracy and beauty those sylvan scenes, which inspire all his rural enthusiasm, we fervently hope will remember that he is a *Poet*, as well as a Painter. In many of the earlier volumes of The Port Folio, his compositions in verse, whether of a pensive or a gay complexion, were very favourably received, not only by the partiality of friendship, but by the scrutinizing severity of the stranger. Amid the cares of an occupation, which permits him to take a wide survey of Nature, let him sketch her more delicate, as well as her robuster features; and while many judiciously consult him, as an accomplished man of business, let the few, sometimes, have an opportunity to hearken to him, as the poet of the groves. Whenever this gentleman finds leisure, or inclination to task the powers of his fancy, he is sure to have a favorable verdict from all the judges in the court of criticism. We know him to be so perfectly well read in the Latin and Italian poets, particularly those of a descriptive, an amatory, or an epigrammatic character, that if he will not, habitually, translate from them himself, none is better qualified to indicate them to the attention of other amateurs.

The reviewer of Ashe's *fictitious* Travels in America, has ably vindicated an injured and defamed country, and fully exposed all the absurdities of a deliberate *romancer*. Must we look in vain for some enlightened, scientific, and candid foreigner, whose tour through our territories will render us common justice? The habit of grossly misrepresenting the manners, genius, and face of our country, contributes most perniciously to the strengthening of those prejudices, which time, as well as good policy, ought long since to have destroyed. With regard to Mr. Thomas Ashe, the last traducer of the United States, he comes forward in the imposing guise of a gentleman, who is therefore supposed to be governed by all the laws of Honour, Urbanity, and Truth. But when, in one sweeping clause, he denies to the Eastern States both manners and morals; when he first freezes New England with his polar ice, and then broils her amid all the fervours of a torrid noon; when he stoutly insists that she *hates* Great Britain with vindictiveness; when he talks about the bigotry of the north, and of the banditties of the south, and swears lustily that *wild cats* are always on the watch here to devour men; with all our respect for the character of an accomplished and manly Briton, we are compelled to think of this wild wanderer that he has not the most perfect pretensions to so illustrious a character.

The SCRIBBLER, whose unpretending title is by no means descriptive of his powers, has, in a recent speculation upon the hackneyed topic of ridicule, framed both a novel and ingenious theory, which he has supported with great dexterity of argument. Of the various answers to my lord SHAFTSBURY's famous assertion, scarcely one has escaped our regard; although many of these were from the pens of the most learned Divines and subtlest disputants in the kingdom, and although we had supposed the question was long since perfectly settled against his lordship, yet our correspondent has been by no means engaged in a work of supererogation, but has discussed a very curious topic, with the feelings of humanity, and the force of reason.

A sinister circumstance, entirely foreign from our control, and repugnant to our wishes, has precluded from this number its usual complement of plates. Though our prospectus gives us a latitude to insert from one to three engravings, it shall be our constant endeavour to be uniform in the number; and we shall never confine ourselves to one, unless compelled by some untoward accident. The editor mentions this in terms *explanatory*, not apologetical. The reign of apology is past. The public have now a right to expect from us a sedulous discharge of duty. We are conscious that, in the language of men of the sword, and of gallant cavaliers, we are *on the ground.* In that situation, it imports us *rather to fight*, than to frame excuses.

A valued friend, who in our first number favoured us, and pleased the public, with an interesting article, under the general head of miscellany, is requested to persevere in his researches, with respect to the history, geography, habits and character of modern Spain. This section of Europe, excites, at this epoch, a very high and vivid interest. From his knowledge of the language, from his habits of reading, from his industry and zeal, we have a perfect pledge of his ability in this behalf.

The biography of the gallant TRUXTUN, inserted in our first number, we are delighted to perceive has not only been perused, with the greatest partiality, by the public, but, with perfect propriety, is considered as the harbinger of a series of the lives of those illustrious men, who have invigorated the commerce, extended the fame, and emblazoned the flag of America. At the commencement of our labours, this was a favorite object of the editor; and when we had the good fortune to persuade one of our best friends to undertake the agreeable task of recording the exploits of a brave seaman, who has augmented the nautical glories of our country, we were fully satisfied that the execution of the essay would be worthy of its theme. Nor

was this confidence without the broadest foundation, because the gentleman, to whom we were indebted for the elegant memoir in question, adds to his splendid literary talents the experience, the enthusiasm, and THE SPIRIT OF A MARINER. Like the illustrious subject of his narrative, *he* too has fought, and conquered the pirates of the ocean.

We cannot neglect this opportunity to add that our opinion entirely harmonizes with that of our worthy friend respecting the maritime merit of America. Our hardy seamen and their bold commanders have nobly distinguished themselves on the waters of the Atlantic, and amid the perils of the Mediterranean. Place the American in any situation at sea, where Glory allures, or Danger menaces, and, in all the cardinal points of gallantry, enterprize, perseverance, and skill, he proudly emulates even the lords of the ocean. Both History and Experience abundantly confirm this assertion; and the editor cannot resist the liberal impulse, which urges him to declare, that, enjoying the privilege of an acquaintance with many of the officers of the American navy, he has constant reason to admire their undaunted spirit and their courteous demeanour; and to remark, with the greatest complacency, that they display not one particle of the mere seaman's roughness, but the manners, principles, and sentiments of gentlemen.

We understand that the biography of COMMODORE PREBLE, another renowned name in our maritime annals, is in a state of great forwardness. This interesting memoir of a great and good man is supported by the most authentic authorities, and the biographer, we have a right to aver, is a gentleman, whose liberal mind and cultivated talents will enable him to furnish an affectionate, as well as an elegant tribute to departed worth.

The biography of the benevolent PENN, that illustrious *Friend*, to whom Pennsylvania and Philadelphia are indebted for much of their renown, is honorable to the head and heart of the author. There is, somewhere, a folio life of the great proprietary, but it is an extremely tame, tiresome, and heavy performance. Our correspondent has very neatly and succinctly exhibited the principal points in Mr. Penn's character, and has spoken more to the purpose in a page, than his predecessor in a volume. The verbal alteration, suggested by Mr. S. came too late for insertion. We shall be glad to hear frequently from this gentleman, and hope that he will often employ his pen upon topics connected, either with the liberal arts, or polite literature.

"Evening at Occoquan" exhibits a picturesque scene in Virginia. This, with its companion piece, has appeared before in most of our Journals, but as the author has had leisure to revise his verses, he has sent us a *corrected* copy, in which we discover many judicious alterations. The polite reader will instantly perceive that it is a pretty close imitation, but without servility, of one of the most beautiful poems in the works of CUNNINGHAM. The model is certainly a fine one, and our imitator has not disgraced it by his copy; but, although he professes in this *new edition* of his ballad to be scrupulously *correct*, it is upon this very ground we are prepared to meet and fight him. In his closing stanza, he says,

Here no negro tills the ground,
Trembling, weeping woful, *wan;*
Liberty is ever found
On the banks of Occoquan.

Here is what some one calls *a risible blunder.* Although natural history has informed us that among her prodigies there is a sort of anomalous African, called *Albinos*, yet this is not the species of slave, which our poet is describing. When he applies, therefore, the epithet *wan*, or pale, to the sable subject of his song, we are irresistibly led to think of that curious creature a *white negro*, or a *white blackbird*, and class this non-descript Cæsar or Pompey with the fabulous fowl in Juvenal:

Rara avis in terris, NIGROQUE SIMILLIMA CYGNO.

With respect to another point, we must wrangle with the poet. His rhymes are not always uniform and exact. From the era of POPE and SWIFT, great care has been employed in the mechanical construction of verse, by all who aspire to the name of poets. At the present period in particular, when the national ear is attuned to the nicest sense of harmony by all the great masters of song, the English reviewers, those severe and vigilant guardians of the Public Taste, will not suffer a careless couplet to escape castigation. For, agreeably to their logical and invincible argument, he, who egregiously fails in the grosser and mere mechanical portion of his work, will scarcely rise above mediocrity in the more refined and the spiritual. He who blunders in making his bow, shall not be admitted into the drawing-room. He, who carelessly stumbles in the porch, must be interdicted from the area of the temple.

On these correct and irrefragable principles, we are sorry to perceive a poet of our author's powers, a man conversant with the politest authors, and whose ear is by no means dull of hearing, assuming

the liberty, shall we say the licence? to change the orthography of a leading word in order to suit his rhyming convenience. He talks sometimes of Occoquan and then of Occoquon, and thus very ingeniously, by the help either of A, or O, according as the exigency demanded, he props up a brace of his stanzas. Of *Indian* orthography we are not remarkably curious, and for *aboriginal* names it is notorious that we cherish no very ardent passion. The uncouth sound of Occoquan excites no image in our mind but that of contempt, and disgust. But when a public writer chooses to celebrate an Indian hamlet, he ought to conform exactly to all the forms and ordinances of the critical high church. He may not regulate his verse as Indolence or Caprice inspires, but he must punctually obey the laws of Composition; above all, he must not halt in his election of rhymes. He must be decidedly right and correct. He must either shut the door, or leave it open.

EPIGRAM.—THE AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

"Vile critic!" exclaim'd a poor author in pique,
"In reviewing my work, why abuse it?
You've injur'd my fame by your cursed critique,
For nobody now will peruse it."

Quoth the critic, "I 'm glad to hear that, for my aim
Was to save, not destroy, reputation:
And I could not more certainly ruin your fame
Than by giving your work circulation."

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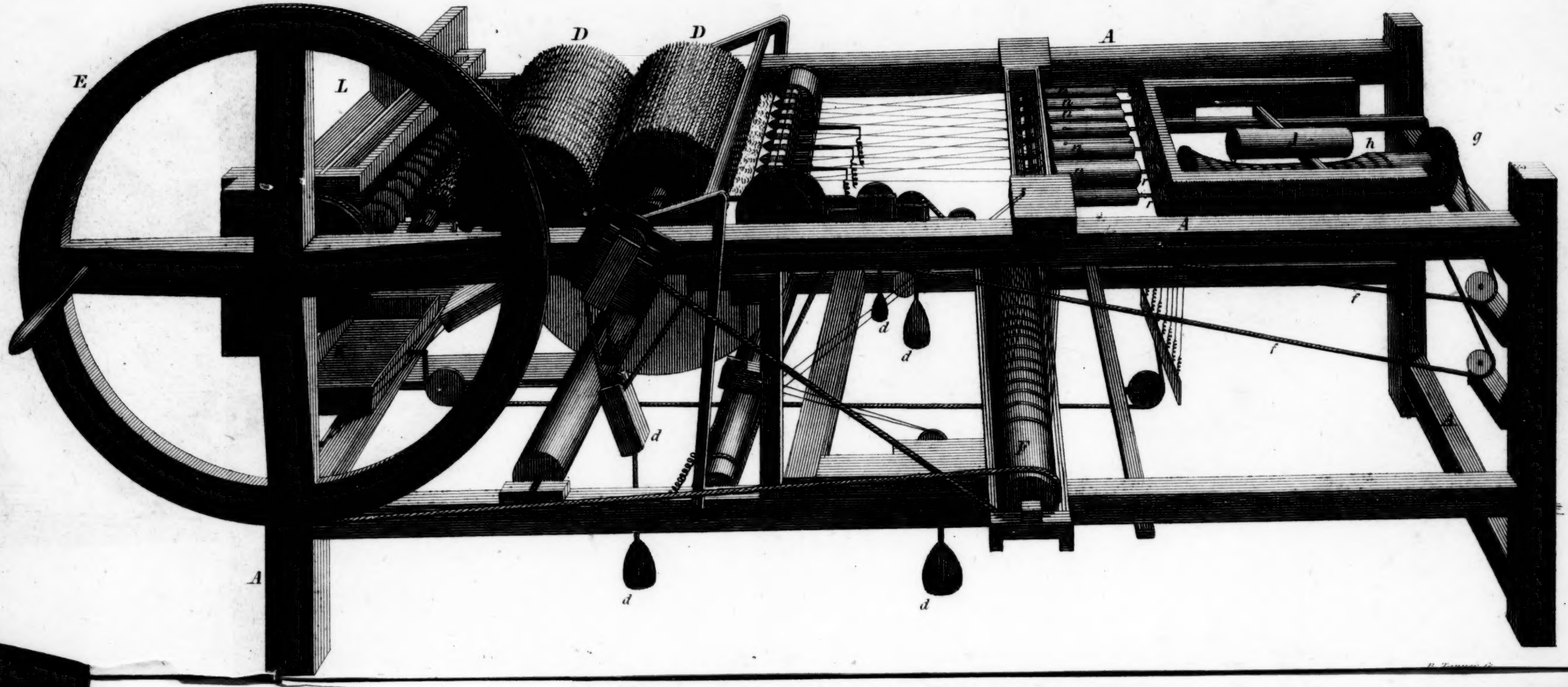
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